

THE WRENS IN TRAINING AT GREENWICH (Illus.)

Country Life

APRIL 26, 1941

ONE SHILLING



THE RUGGED CUILLINS SEEN FROM ELGOL, ISLE OF SKYE

JOHN MALTBY

MISCELLANEOUS ANNOUNCEMENTS

GENERAL ANNOUNCEMENTS

Advertisements for this column are accepted at the rate of 2d. per word prepaid (if Box Number used 3d. extra), and must reach this office not later than Wednesday morning for the coming week's issue.

All communications should be addressed to the Advertisement Manager, "COUNTRY LIFE," Southampton Street, Strand, London.

FURS that have not been tortured in traps. Ask for Fur Crusade List from Major VAN DER BYL, Wapenham, Towcester.

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APPEALS

TWICE BOMBED. THE MOTHERS' CLINIC. 108, Whitfield Street, W.1. carries on. Dr. MARIE STOPES is glad its service of Nurses and Doctors responds to personal visits and all letters are answered. Donations begged for Restoration Fund.

OLD GOLD. Jewels, Watches, Rings, Trinkets and Silver for the Red Cross Sales will be gratefully received by the Treasurer, 17, Old Bond Street, W.1.

THE RED CROSS Wine Sale Headquarters is now at Vintners Hall. Promises of gifts of Wine, Spirits or Cigars for the Sale, to be held shortly by Messrs. Restell at Christie's, will be gratefully received by the Secretary, Red Cross Wine Sale, at Vintners Hall, Upper Thames Street, E.C.4.

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Country Life

THE JOURNAL FOR ALL INTERESTED IN COUNTRY LIFE
AND COUNTRY PURSUITS.

VOL. LXXXIX. No. 2310.

Printed in England.
Entered as Second-Class Matter at the
New York U.S.A. Post Office.

SATURDAY, APRIL 26, 1941.

Published Weekly, Price ONE SHILLING.
Subscription Price per annum. Post Free.
Inland, 63s. 6d. Canadian, 59s. Foreign, 65s.

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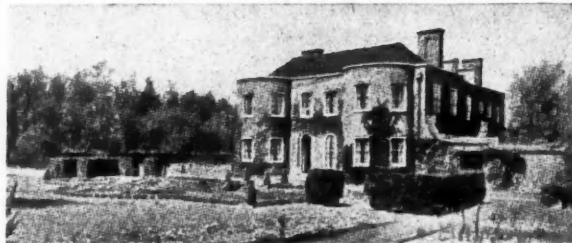
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Recommended by HAMPTON & SONS, LTD., 6, Arlington Street, S.W.1
(Ref. B. 38,638.) (REG. 8222).

FOR SALE FREEHOLD

This well-appointed

MODERN

RESIDENCE,

enjoying sunny aspect.
Hall, 3 reception rooms,
9 bed and dressing
rooms, 3 baths.

Central heating. All
main services.

GARAGE (for 2 cars).
COTTAGE.

BEAUTIFUL GARDENS
laid out with lawns,
flower gardens, orchard,
large kitchen garden,
woodland, etc., in all

BETWEEN NORWICH & WYMONDHAM

FOR SALE

Charming Small
COUNTRY HOUSE,
standing in

OVER 2 ACRES

5 bedrooms, dressing
room, 3 sitting-rooms,
bathroom, etc. Co.'s
electric light.

GARAGE. STABLE.
MATURED GAR-
DENS. Tennis Lawn.
Orchard.



PRICE FREEHOLD, £1,850

The whole property in first-rate order. Apply HAMPTON & SONS, LTD.,
6, Arlington Street, S.W.1. (Ref. E. 46,024) (REG. 8222.)

BRANCH OFFICE: HIGH STREET, WIMBLEDON COMMON, S.W.19 (Phone: WIM. 0081).

'Phone: Grosvenor 2861
'Grams: "Cornishmen, London."

TRESIDDER & CO.

77, SOUTH AUDLEY STREET, W.1.

Inspected and Recommended as Bargain
22 ACRES. £4,000

GLOS—HEREFORDS

16 miles Cheltenham, 250 ft. up, light soil, quiet position.

MOST ATTRACTIVE RESIDENCE

Hall, 3 reception, 2 bathrooms, 9 bedrooms.
Electric light. Ample water. Telephone.
Garages. Stables. Flat. 2 Cottages. Beautiful grounds.
Tennis and other lawns, kitchen and fruit gardens, pasture
and woodland.

TRESIDDER & Co., 77, South Audley Street, W.1. (2,850).

£5,000. RARE OPPORTUNITY

1/2-mile Trout Fishing

DEVON—DARTMOOR

CHARMING GRANITE-BUILT HOUSE

4 reception, billiard room, studio, 2 bathrooms, 7 bedrooms.
Electric light. Central heating. Telephone.
Garage, Stabling, Farmhouse and Buildings.
LANDSCAPE GARDENS SLOPING TO RIVER.
Bathing pool. Pasture and Arable.

65 ACRES

Land easily let if not wanted.

TRESIDDER & Co., 77, South Audley Street, W.1. (17,052.)

450 ACRES

HEREFORDS

Salmon Fishing in Wye, also Trout and Grayling.

MOST ATTRACTIVE RESIDENCE

7 bed, 3 bath, lounge hall, 3 reception.
Electric light. "Aga" cooker. Excellent water.
Garages. Stabling for Hunters. Excellent farm buildings,
7 Cottages.

CHARMING GROUNDS, orcharding, pasture and arable.
All well farmed and in first-class condition.

FOR SALE FREEHOLD

TRESIDDER & Co., 77, South Audley Street, W.1. (6186.)

£6,700. 4 1/2 ACRES

Might be let Furnished or Unfurnished.

BERKS—30 MILES LONDON

RESIDENCE DATING FROM XVIIIth CENTURY

5 reception, 5 bathrooms.
12 bedrooms (8 with fitted basins).
Central heating. Main services.
Garages for 4. Secluded Gardens.
Kitchen garden and 3-acre paddock.

TRESIDDER & Co., 77, South Audley Street, W.1. (20,659.)

400 ACRES. NO TITHE OR LAND TAX.
OXON—GLOS. BORDERS

700 ft. up. Mile Town and Station.

COTSWOLD FARMHOUSE

7 bedrooms. Bathroom. 2 reception.
Main water and electricity. "Aga" cooker.
GARAGES. FARM BUILDINGS. COTTAGES.
Well-farmed land. Good pasture.

FOR SALE FREEHOLD WITH POSSESSION
(part of land easily let off).

TRESIDDER & Co., 77, South Audley Street, W.1. (20,375).

FOR BUSINESS EVACUATION, Etc.

HERTS. £4,000. BARGAIN

300ft. up. 40 minutes rail Kings Cross.

ATTRACTIVE AND COMMODIOUS HOUSE

14 bed, 2 bath, 3 reception, billiard room.

Main services.

Garage. Stabling. Cottage.

GROUND OF 2 1/2 ACRES

MORE LAND AVAILABLE.

TRESIDDER & Co., 77, South Audley Street, W.1. (11,469.)

2 or 4 ACRES

FARNHAM DISTRICT

On high ground about a mile from station. Electric trains London.

MODERN RESIDENCE IN QUEEN ANNE STYLE

Beautifully built and partly covered with Wistaria
and Jessamine.

Hall, 4 reception, bathroom, 9 bedrooms.

Main electricity and water. Part central heating. Telephone

GARAGE for 2. EXCELLENT COTTAGE.

Lovely inexpensive GARDENS, rhododendrons and aza-
leas, kitchen garden, small piece of woodland and paddock.

£3,950 WITH 2 ACRES

TRESIDDER & Co., 77, South Audley Street, W.1. (10,199.)

£12,000 OR NEAR OFFER 75 ACRES

BASINGSTOKE—7 MILES

Another Station 3 miles. Near Village. Standing high.

ATTRACTIVE GEORGIAN RESIDENCE

4 reception, 4 bathrooms, 11 bedrooms.

Main electricity. Telephone. Own water supply.

Garage. Hunter stabling. Cottage. Charming gardens.
Tennis lawn. Walled kitchen gardens. Rich pastureland,
and some woodland.

TRESIDDER & Co., 77, South Audley Street, W.1. (20,568.)

£2,300 Part can remain on Mortgage.

DEVON

Between Dartmouth and Kingsbridge.

ATTRACTIVE COUNTRY HOUSE

Billiard room, 2 reception, 2 bathrooms, 5 bedrooms.

Electric light. Central heating. Telephone.

Garage. Gardens of an Acre. More land available.

The House is held on lease, 60 years unexpired.

TRESIDDER & Co., 77, South Audley Street, W.1. (20,581.)

FROM 35 UP TO 250 ACRES

110 ACRES pasture, remainder arable and wood.

40 MILES LONDON

LOVELY OLD SUSSEX MANOR HOUSE

FULL OF OLD OAK AND OTHER FEATURES.

3 reception, 3 bathrooms, 7 bedrooms.

Electric light. New drainage. Telephone. "Aga" cooker.

SECONDARY HOUSE (2 reception, bath, 4 bedrooms).

Stabling. Garages. 2 Cottages. Farm buildings.

MAIN RESIDENCE WOULD BE SOLD

with practically any area to suit purchaser.

TRESIDDER & Co., 77, South Audley Street, W.1. (18,249.)

COTSWOLDS

9 miles Burford. 1/2 mile station.

FINE COTSWOLD RESIDENCE

11 bedrooms (most with fitted basins, h. and c.), 3 bath-
rooms, 3 reception rooms, lounge hall.

Electric light. Central heating. "Aga" cooker.

Garage for 4. 6 loose boxes. Excellent lodge

DELIGHTFUL GROUNDS

kitchen and fruit garden, good pastureland.

50 ACRES

TRESIDDER & Co., 77, South Audley Street, W.1. (12,440.)

Enjoying lovely position, 3 miles from

PETERSFIELD

DELIGHTFUL MODERN COUNTRY HOUSE IN

QUEEN ANNE STYLE

Carriage drive with LODGE at entrance.

12 bedrooms (principal fitted basins), 4 bathrooms,
3 reception rooms.

Central heating. Main water and electricity.

Garages for 5. Stabling. 2 Cottages.

HARD TENNIS COURT. SWIMMING POOL.

Pleasure gardens, kitchen garden, grass and woodland.

£6,000 WITH 30 ACRES, £7,000 WITH 60 ACRES

TRESIDDER & Co., 77, South Audley Street, W.1. (11,959.)

Telephone No.:
Regent 4304.

OSBORN & MERCER

MEMBERS OF THE CHARTERED SURVEYORS' AND AUCTIONEERS' INSTITUTES

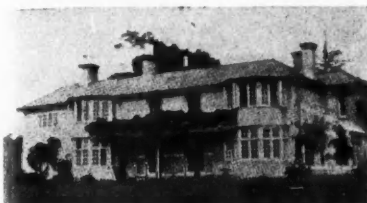
28b, ALBEMARLE STREET,
PICCADILLY, W.1

HANTS

In a high and bracing district, adjoining miles of lovely unspoilt country.

A Delightful Residence of Georgian Character

Up-to-date. Near good golf.



square hall, 4 reception, 8 bedrooms, 3 bathrooms. Modern Conveniences. Lodge. Stabling, etc. Delightfully well-timbered Gardens, inexpensive of upkeep, orchard, paddocks, etc.; in all about

10 ACRES

PRICE SUBSTANTIALLY REDUCED in order to effect early sale.

For Sale by OSBORN & MERCER. (17,217.)

25 MILES SOUTH OF TOWN

In the centre of Surrey's best golf, 5 courses being within easy reach.

High up with uninterrupted views.

PICTURESQUE MODERN HOUSE

with 9 bedrooms, 3 reception, 2 bathrooms.

All main services. Central heating.

Cottage.

Delightful gardens, terraces, rock garden, hard tennis court, woodland, etc.

ABOUT 4 ACRES

For Sale by OSBORN & MERCER. (16,655.)

CHILTERN HILLS

In unspoilt surroundings, with fine panoramic views.

DELIGHTFUL COUNTRY RESIDENCE

approached by a carriage drive with lodge at entrance.

Lounge Hall, 3 Reception, 8 Bedrooms, Bathroom. Modern conveniences.

Stabling, Garage. Nicely-timbered Gardens.

Hard Tennis Court. Paddock and Woodland.

FOR SALE WITH 20 ACRES

Inspected by OSBORN & MERCER. (14,191.)

SUSSEX — Adjoining Golf Course.

700ft. up with fine panoramic views over Ashdown Forest.

A DELIGHTFUL MODERN RESIDENCE BUILT IN THE TUDOR STYLE



Hall, 2 reception, 6 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms.

Thoroughly up-to-date and labour-saving, with all main services, central heating, lav. basins in bedrooms, etc.

Charming Gardens and Grounds, including lawns, rose and rock gardens, tennis court, kitchen garden, etc.; in all **ABOUT 2 ACRES**.

For Sale by OSBORN & MERCER. (M. 1945.)

GUILDFORD AND HORSHAM

DELIGHTFUL OLD ELIZABETHAN HOUSE RESTORED & MODERNISED

In rural country with splendid views.



3 reception, 9 bedrooms (all with lavatory basins, h. and c.), 2 bathrooms.

A wealth of old oak, open fireplaces, etc.

Main services. Central heating.

FINE OLD TITHE BARN CONVERTED INTO A COTTAGE.

Beautiful gardens, some woodland, pasture, etc.

ABOUT 20 ACRES

For Sale by OSBORN & MERCER. (17,006.)

DEVON

An attractive small Residential and Sporting Property.

UP-TO-DATE STONE-BUILT HOUSE

with 3 reception, 10 bedrooms, 3 bathrooms.

Main electricity. Central heating.

Small Farm with Modern House and good Buildings.

HALF MILE OF TROUT-FISHING.

FOR SALE WITH 16 OR 74 ACRES.

Agents: OSBORN & MERCER. (17,199.)

3, MOUNT STREET,
LONDON, W.1.

RALPH PAY & TAYLOR

Telephones:
Grosvenor 1032-33.

AN ARCHITECT'S HOME OF UNIQUE CHARM IN BEAUTIFUL ORDER AND CONDITION DEVON—DORSET BORDERS. SUPERB VIEWS TO THE SOUTH



DUE SOUTH ASPECT—UNINTERRUPTED VISTA.

STONE-BUILT GEORGIAN HOUSE

PANELLED ROOMS and FINE PLASTER WORK.

2 RECEPTION ROOMS.

8 BEDROOMS.

2 BATHROOMS.

Luxuriously fitted.

H. and c. water upstairs.

ALL MAIN SERVICES.

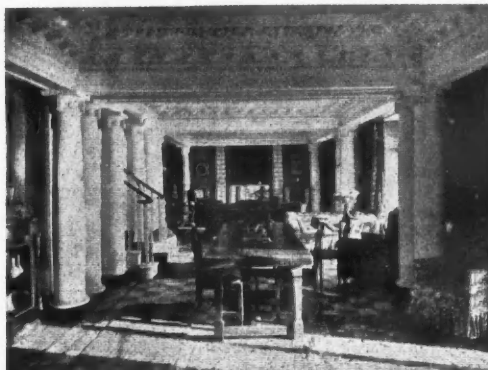
LARGE GARAGE.

GARDENER'S COTTAGE.

TERRACED GROUNDS,

sloping sharply.

Excellent walled kitchen garden.



HANDSOME LIVING ROOM, 45FT. BY 16FT.

ABOUT 1 ACRE. ONLY 5,000 GUINEAS FREEHOLD

THE WHOLE PROPERTY FORMS AND PRESENTS A MOST CHARMING SETTING AND IS READY TO OCCUPY WITHOUT FURTHER OUTLAY.
Personally recommended with every confidence by the Owner's (London) Agents: Messrs. RALPH PAY & TAYLOR, as above. (9898.)

AGRICULTURAL LAND URGENTLY REQUIRED FOR INVESTMENT OR OCCUPATION NUMEROUS KEEN BUYERS WAITING TO INSPECT ONLY FIRST-CLASS FARMS CONSIDERED (SINGLY OR IN BLOCKS)

FULL DETAILS IN FIRST INSTANCE TO RALPH PAY & TAYLOR, 3, MOUNT STREET, LONDON, W.1

GEORGE TROLLOPE & SONS

Telephone No.:
Grosvenor 1553 (4 lines).

(ESTABLISHED 1778)

25, MOUNT STREET, GROSVENOR SQUARE, W.1.

And at
Hobart Place, Eaton Sq.,
68, Victoria Street,
Westminster, S.W.1.

CHILTERN, 800 FEET UP

Overlooking private estate and "Green Belt."



PICTURESQUE BLACK AND WHITE HOUSE

Part Tudor with old features; 6 bed, 2 bath, 3 reception rooms; main services; garage, stabling; old-world garden, orchard and paddocks.

20 ACRES. £4,000

Possession late summer.

GEORGE TROLLOPE & SONS, 25, Mount Street, W.1. (C.6618.)

BUCKS

300 ft. up with fine views; under 20 miles of London

A FINE MODERN RESIDENCE

approached by long drive.

9 bed, 2 baths, lounge hall, 5 rec.

Excellent offices with maids' sitting room.

All main services.

Garage. Entrance lodge. Cottage.

Fine old gardens and grounds.

In all about 6 ACRES

Further particulars of GEORGE TROLLOPE & SONS,
25, Mount Street, W.1. (C.6636.)

SIX MILES NEWBURY

To be let furnished for one year upwards.



ATTRACTIVE OLD-FASHIONED RESIDENCE
in lovely position. Beautiful Views. 15 Bed, 3 Bath,
4 Rec. Rooms. Main electricity. Electrically pumped
water. Garage.

Lovely Gardens and Shooting over 3/400 acres

Available from mid-May.

GEORGE TROLLOPE & SONS, 25, Mount Street, W.1. (A.4239.)

44, ST. JAMES'S
PLACE, S.W.1.

JAMES STYLES & WHITLOCK

AGENTS FOR THE HOME COUNTIES, THE SHIRES
AND SPORTING COUNTIES GENERALLY

Telephone:
Regent 0911

DEVON



Southern aspect, fine views; off main road, near village
and bus service.

GEORGIAN RESIDENCE, in first-rate con-
dition. Lavatory basins in bedrooms; main elec-
tricity, Co.'s water; hall and 3 sitting rooms, 8 bedrooms,
3 bathrooms. Garage for 3 cars; hard tennis court;
charming grounds of about 2 ACRES.

PRICE FREEHOLD £4,200, or near offer.
JAMES STYLES & WHITLOCK, 44, St. James's Place,
S.W.1. (L.R. 19,832.)

GLOUCESTERSHIRE

GEORGIAN COUNTRY RESIDENCE,
high situation, southern aspect, lovely views, light
soil; easy distance main line station with fast through
trains to London. Lounge hall and 4 sitting rooms, 15-16
bed and dressing rooms, 3 bathrooms. Electric light and
central heating. Stabling and garage with flat over,
cottage. Charming grounds and park-like pastures of about

23 ACRES. £6,750 FREEHOLD.

JAMES STYLES & WHITLOCK, 44, St. James's Place,
S.W.1. (L.R. 12,013.)

HAMPSHIRE

OF TUDOR ORIGIN, modernised and in first-rate
order. Away from noise of road traffic and rail-
ways, omnibus passes property. Lounge hall and 3 sitting
rooms, 6 bedrooms, dressing room, bathroom. Electric
light, independent hot water system (new). Garage and
stabling. About

4 ACRES.

PRICE £3,750 FREEHOLD (with vacant possession).
Including some fitted carpets, linos, curtains, electric fittings,
etc. Other furniture may be had if required.

JAMES STYLES & WHITLOCK, 44, St. James's Place,
S.W.1. (L.R. 19,821.)

SUSSEX



DATING FROM THE XVIIIITH CENTURY,
modernised. It is built of stone and red brick;
south-western aspect. Entrance hall and 3 sitting rooms,
8 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms. Main electricity, Coy.'s water,
central heating, independent hot water. Garage for 2
cars, cottage. About 6 ACRES.

REASONABLE PRICE ACCEPTED FOR QUICK SALE.

JAMES STYLES & WHITLOCK, 44, St. James's Place,
S.W.1. (L.R. 18,143.)

Telephone:
Grosvenor 2252
(6 lines)

CONSTABLE & MAUDE

2, MOUNT STREET, LONDON, W.1

WILTS. ON THE BORDERS OF HANTS

EXCEPTIONALLY ATTRACTIVE ESTATE IN MINIATURE

2 halls, 4 reception rooms, 9 bedrooms, 3 bathrooms.
Every convenience and comfort.

Garage. Stabling. 2 Lodges.

Lovely gardens and park.

ABOUT 84 ACRES

FREEHOLD FOR SALE

CONSTABLE & MAUDE, 2, Mount Street, W.1.

WEST SUSSEX

in beautiful position with magnificent views.
Hall, lounge, and 3 reception rooms, 10 bed and dress-
ing rooms, 4 bathrooms. Excellent offices.

Central heating. Constant hot water. Main electric
light and power.

Lodge. Garage. Excellent Cottage. Lovely gardens.

ABOUT 43 ACRES

FOR SALE OR TO BE LET FURNISHED.

Agents: CONSTABLE & MAUDE, 2, Mount Street, W.1.

NORTH DEVON

A DELIGHTFUL RESIDENCE

in a secluded position, containing hall, 4 reception
rooms, 14 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms.

Electric light. Ample water.

GARAGES. STABLING.
Beautiful gardens and woodland, with long sea
frontage.

IN ALL ABOUT 100 ACRES

For Sale.—Agents: CONSTABLE & MAUDE, 2, Mount
Street, W.1.

BERKSHIRE

SUITABLE FOR A SCHOOL OR OFFICES.
ATTRACTIVE SQUARE-BUILT HOUSE

containing 4 reception rooms, billiard room, conser-
vatory, 17 bed and dressing rooms, 3 bathrooms;
usual offices, including servants' hall. Also 5 rooms
in semi-basement. Lodge. Excellent stabling. Garage
for 3 cars. Chauffeur's quarters. In all about 6 Acres.

PRICE £15,000

A further 16 Acres including a model farmery and 4
cottages can be had if required.

Agents: CONSTABLE & MAUDE, 2, Mount Street, W.1.

IDEAL FOR LARGE COMMERCIAL ORGANISATION

LARGE WEST COUNTRY MANSION

containing about 40 bedrooms and ample bathrooms.

Several cottages.

ABOUT 200 ACRES

FREEHOLD FOR SALE PRIVATELY, WITH THE
FURNITURE.

Agents: CONSTABLE & MAUDE, 2, Mount Street, W.1.

COTSWOLDS

ATTRACTIVE GEORGIAN HOUSE

on the outskirts of a village.
7 principal bedrooms, 3 bathrooms, 3 reception rooms,
billiard room, usual offices.

Central heating throughout. Main electric light.

Water and drainage.

LODGE. GARAGE. 2 COTTAGES.

ABOUT 7 ACRES

FREEHOLD FOR SALE

Agents: CONSTABLE & MAUDE, 2, Mount Street, W.1.

ONE OF SUFFOLK'S MOST DELIGHTFUL
HOMES. Beautiful Elizabethan RESIDENCE near
Woodbridge; marvellous preservation, massive oak beams;
wonderful lounge hall, 2 other reception, 7 bed, 2 baths,
electric light, central heating. Cottage. Small farm let off.
46½ Acres in all. Freehold £6,000. Possession.—Photos.—
WOODCOCK & SON, Ipswich.

DELIGHTFUL COUNTRY HOME, very quiet
part Suffolk; 4 reception, 7 bed and dressing rooms,
bath (h. and c.); central heating throughout; electric light,
lovely grounds and ½-acre lake. 50-acre farm let off.
Freehold £2,750. Photos.—WOODCOCK & SON, Ipswich.

CHELTENHAM AND NORTH COTSWOLDS

G. H. BAYLEY & SONS

(Established over three-quarters of a Century).

ESTATE AGENTS, SURVEYORS, AUCTIONEERS.

27, PROMENADE, CHELTENHAM. (Tel.: 2102.)

LEICESTERSHIRE AND ADJOINING COUNTIES
HOLLOWAY, PRICE & CO.,
(ESTABLISHED 1899.) MARKET HARBOUROUGH.
LAND AGENTS, AUCTIONEERS, VALUERS
PROPERTY MANAGEMENT VALUATIONS FOR PROBATE

PRIVATE PURCHASER requires HOUSE

(not more than 5 bedrooms)

WEST COAST SCOTLAND, SKYE OR MAINLAND

May entertain small island with at least house and cottage.

Near good anchorage for 30/40-ton boat essential.

Agents, owners and others, please submit full particulars.

Possession not required until after war.

"A.704," c/o COUNTRY LIFE OFFICES, 2-10, Tavistock Street,
Covent Garden, W.C.2.

FOR SHROPSHIRE, HEREFORD, WORCS., etc.,
and MID WALES, apply leading Agents: (Phone: 2061.)
CHAMBERLAIN-BROTHERS & HARRISON, SHREWSBURY.

5, MOUNT STREET,
LONDON, W.1.

CURTIS & HENSON

Telephone :
Grosvenor 3131 (3 lines).
ESTABLISHED 1875.

SOUTH-WEST SURREY



LONDON ABOUT 40 MILES.
A Charming Old House
approached from a quiet lane.
Up to date and in first-class order throughout.
3 RECEPTION ROOMS.
8 BEDROOMS.
2 BATHROOMS.
Main water, gas and electricity.
GARAGE (for 2 cars).
2 EXCELLENT COTTAGES.
Delightful playroom.
LAWN TENNIS COURT.
PROLIFIC KITCHEN GARDEN.



Beautiful Grounds and fine woodland merging into heathland and several paddocks.
For Sale Freehold with from about 25 to 72 Acres Riding over miles of commonland
Confidently recommended by the Sole Agents, CURTIS & HENSON. (16,432.)

SURREY

1 mile from station and suitable for office accommodation.

LARGE HOUSE

containing entrance hall, 5 reception rooms, servants' hall, complete domestic offices, 14 bed and dressing rooms, 3 bathrooms.

Companies' gas, water and electricity. Telephone.

EXTENSIVE STABLING AND GARAGE premises (with 3 rooms over).

PLEASURE GROUNDS

with fine old trees, tennis courts, 2 productive kitchen gardens and 2 paddocks; gravel soil; in all about 6½ ACRES.

TO LET UNFURNISHED FOR BUSINESS PURPOSES

Apply CURTIS & HENSON, 5, Mount Street, W.1. (8946.)

HERTFORDSHIRE

Excellent train service to London.



A MODERN RESIDENCE

built of the best materials.
Lounge hall, 2 reception rooms, 6 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms.
Central heating. Company's water supply.
GARAGE AND OUTBUILDINGS.
BEAUTIFUL GARDENS
tennis court, sunk-lawn, lovely rock garden, vegetable garden; in all nearly 2 ACRES.
FOR SALE FREEHOLD
CURTIS & HENSON, 5, Mount Street, W.1. (16,151.)

SOMERSETSHIRE

STONE-BUILT MANOR HOUSE

with old mullioned windows, standing in finely timbered grounds.

4 reception rooms, 11 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms, servants' sitting room and domestic offices.

Electric light. Main water.

EXTENSIVE GARAGE AND STABLING.

Gardener's cottage and outbuildings.

CHARMING GARDENS AND GROUNDS

interspersed with matured specimen timber trees, walled kitchen garden and pastureland; in all about 9½ ACRES.

PRICE £3,250 FREEHOLD

CURTIS & HENSON, 5, Mount Street, W.1. (16,325.)

F. L. MERCER & CO.

SPECIALISTS IN THE DISPOSAL OF COUNTRY ESTATES AND HOUSES

SACKVILLE HOUSE, 40, PICCADILLY, W.1.

Telephone: REGENT 2481



A SUPER HOUSE at St. Albans, Hertfordshire

Eminently suitable for Private Occupation or Office Accommodation.

IDEAL SAFETY AREA, 20 MILES
LONDON

Near to the Meads of the Famous Abbey.

This is a luxuriously appointed residence, the oak and mahogany panelling wherein must have cost a small fortune.



LOUNGE HALL. 3 RECEPTION. BILLIARD ROOM.
12 BEDROOMS. 4 BATHROOMS.

CENTRAL HEATING. MAIN ELECTRICITY GAS AND WATER.

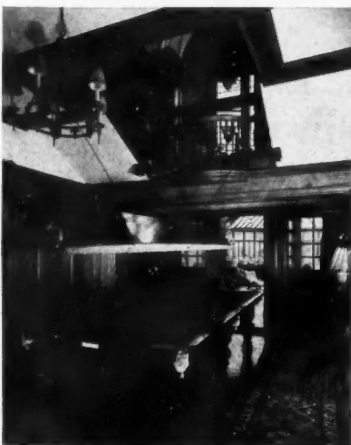
DRIVE APPROACH WITH LODGE ENTRANCE.
SPACIOUS GARAGE. STABLING AND COTTAGE.

BEAUTIFUL PLEASURE GROUNDS PROTECTED BY A
MINIATURE PARK.

13 ACRES. FOR SALE FREEHOLD.

AN OPPORTUNITY TO SECURE A HOME OF EXCEEDINGLY
FINE CHARACTER WITH IMMEDIATE POSSESSION.

Agents: F. L. MERCER & CO., Sackville House, 40, Piccadilly, W.1.
(Entrance in Sackville Street). Tel.: Regent 2481.



14, MOUNT STREET,
GROSVENOR SQUARE, LONDON, W.1.

WILSON & CO.

Telephone :
Grosvenor 1441 (three lines).

SUSSEX BORDER



XVIth CENTURY HOUSE, beautifully appointed. 10 bedrooms, 4 bathrooms, 4 reception. Lovely gardens. 3 Cottages.

£6,000 WITH 40 ACRES

Agents: WILSON & Co., 14, Mount Street, W.1.

1 HOUR NORTH OF LONDON



XVth CENTURY REPLICA

10 bedrooms, 4 bathrooms, 3 reception rooms. Squash court. Stabling. Garages. Cottage. DELIGHTFUL GARDENS. Woods and pastures.

FOR SALE WITH 60 ACRES

Agents: WILSON & Co., 14, Mount Street, W.1.

ON THE COTSWOLDS



HISTORIC TUDOR MANOR in perfect order; fine panelling, etc.; 13 bedrooms, 5 bathrooms, 5 reception rooms. Home farm, Dower House. 5 Cottages. ¼ mile of Trout Fishing.

FOR SALE WITH 126 ACRES

Agents: WILSON & Co., 14, Mount Street, W.1.

SUSSEX



BEAUTIFUL OLD HOUSE of HISTORIC INTEREST: 12 bedrooms, 4 baths, 4 reception; every modern convenience.

LOVELY OLD GARDENS.

WOULD BE LET FURNISHED

Agents: WILSON & Co., 14, Mount Street, W.1.

SUSSEX



LOVELY OLD-WORLD HOUSE, with every convenience; 7 bedrooms, 4 bathrooms, 4 reception rooms; stabling, garage, cottage; beautiful gardens: 14 ACRES.

TO BE LET UNFURNISHED

Sole Agents: WILSON & Co., 14, Mount Street, W.1.

YORKSHIRE

Lovely position

Easy reach of York.



BEAUTIFULLY APPOINTED STONE-BUILT HOUSE; electric light, central heating; 10-12 bedrooms (with basins), 3 baths, 4 reception; stabling, garages; charming gardens and paddock; 16 ACRES.

FOR SALE

Agents: WILSON & Co., 14, Mount Street, W.1.

184, BROMPTON RD.,
LONDON, S.W.3

BENTALL, HORSLEY & BALDRY

Temp. Evac. Office :
25, NEED CRESCENT,
WEMBLEY (Tel.: 1698.)

INSPECT AT ONCE TO SECURE

GREATEST SMALL ESTATE BARGAIN
ANYWHERE IN HOME COUNTIES.
ROYAL BERKS

North of Newbury and Reading

Lovely situation. Safe area. Beautiful country.
This small Estate is in the market owing to special family reasons. It is a property entailing a minimum upkeep. The Residence is modern, attractive and of medium size, all on 2 floors, with hall, 2 large reception rooms, parquet floors, study, good offices, 6 bedrooms, 4 baths; main water, electric light, central heating; south aspect; gravel soil; cottage, garages. *Placed in about the center of its lands, comprising over 30 ACRES, with nice belts of woodland.* Immediate possession. Freehold. **Must be Sold at once.**

A Most Moderate Price is asked

Reasonable offer invited.
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COUNTRY LIFE

SATURDAY, APRIL 26, 1941

Vol. LXXXIX. No. 2310



MRS. LAUGHTON MATHEWS, M.B.E., AND THE MARCHIONESS OF CHOLMONDELEY

Mrs. Laughton Mathews, as Director of the Women's Royal Naval Service, has been largely responsible for the re-creation of the Wrens, now over 10,000 strong. Both she and Lady Cholmondeley, who is Staff Officer, were Unit Officers of the W.R.N.S. in the first German war

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"Country Life" Crossword No. 587 p. xvi.

POSTAL CHARGES.—The Editor reminds correspondents and contributors that any communications requiring a reply must be accompanied by the requisite stamps. Notice is given that MSS. submitted will not be returned unless this condition is complied with.

POSTAGES ON THIS ISSUE: ISLAND 2½d., CANADA 1½d., ABROAD 2½d.

"NO BACKGROUND AND NO FUTURE"

A recent educational conference held at York, the Chairman of the Yorkshire Education Committee described a meeting which had been convened for the purpose of discussing education in the Forces, and quoted the commandant of one force as saying: "The girls under my command are not interested in such matters. They have no background and no future." If this, as they say, is a true bill, it is a scathing indictment not of the young people concerned, but of the system of so-called education in which they have been nurtured. But there are, of course, two sides to the question. The conference was one of women teachers and, judging by the resolutions they passed, they were more concerned in asserting the rights of their sex than in furthering the wonderful contribution which women all over the country are making to-day to the successful prosecution of the war. The sweeping statement that our young people nowadays have no background and no future could scarcely have been made in the days before the war began. The general complaint then was that the lads, at any rate, had too much future arranged for them. They were brought up in a groove, and in a groove they would probably have remained but for the catastrophe which has directed all our energies and efforts into fresh channels. The girls, too, had their future, and we hope, while we doubt, that they were being properly trained for it. Those who are now giving their services to the country have not lost the prospect of a happy future in bringing up the next generation. As all of us hope, it is only postponed.

The fact is that in times like these we must be prepared to recognise that among the worst results of war is the breaking of any ordered system of education so far as a large part of one generation is concerned. The situation was not so bad, for obvious reasons, during the last war as it is in this, but the deterioration in both schools and scholars was marked. In this war, unfortunately, public apathy and Government neglect have combined to make things much worse than they need be. When, before the beginning of hostilities, the Office of Works ranged the country, snapping up schools, colleges, and places designed for technical education, they set an example of Philistinism which was only too easy to copy. Since then a good deal of the damage has been remedied, but the whole system of secondary and elementary education has been at least partially paralysed by the dispersal of children of all ages from the big industrial centres. In the circumstances the teachers have done wonders, but the handicaps have been enormous. And so far as the future is concerned, it must be remembered that the next generation of teachers are suffering the same disabilities as their brothers and sisters, for neither universities nor training colleges are functioning as they should.

It will clearly be impossible to remedy a great deal of the mischief until peace returns, but meanwhile much can be done in the way of planning for the future. Pre-war educational policy was largely based on the assumption that the next thirty years would see a gradually reduced school population. There is no reason to revise this estimate, and so far as new buildings and equipment are concerned, our schools will probably—apart from the results of war damage—still be well provided. But as far as teaching and training are concerned, there will be a great deal of leeway to make up. The raising of the school age will have become not only a possibility, but a necessity, and the demand for after-school education will be enormously increased. The problem of merging the two

socially distinct parts of our secondary educational system—the public schools and the Government-supported schools—will have to be faced. It seems very doubtful whether there will be many families in this country at the end of the war with the means to send their sons and daughters to expensive boarding schools.

Already the suggestion is being made that the Government should set up a new Royal Commission to suggest plans for co-ordinating all educational activities, and particularly those of the public schools, with the State-aided secondary schools. It is understood that the Cabinet have decided against it, at any rate for the moment, and it is difficult to resist the plea that investigation will be more fruitful if carried out later on, when the full extent of the problem is known. Such factors as war damage to school buildings and the position of the schools as regards endowments and pupils' fees will have a large effect on the decisions ultimately taken, and neither can at present be accurately foreseen. So far as the public schools are concerned, the Public or Other Schools (War Conditions) Bill has already produced a healthy reaction in the way of an association of governing bodies. The Standing Joint Committee of Headmasters and Governors which negotiated that measure with the Government was admittedly a body improvised *ad hoc*. A permanent association is badly needed if the public schools are to keep their end up and see to it not only that they continue to do an invaluable work of education, which nobody else is in a position to perform, but that they are not betrayed into deserting the ideals and intentions of their pious founders.

SECOND THOUGHTS ON THE BUDGET

A "people's budget" used to mean one to which the lower income levels contributed very little. The same phrase could describe the new Finance Bill, with the opposite significance: of the £253 million additional revenue, £162 million will be drawn from incomes of £150 to £1,000. Combined as this is with the principle of "deferred pay," in the refund of allowances up to £60 a year, the basis is sound for a wartime budget, in view of the direction in which so much money is flowing. But it bears very severely on the salaried man with a young family. At the earliest possible opportunity it is imperative, in the national interest, that some such relief should be accepted, for this most deserving section of the nation, as that proposed by Mr. Hartley Withers, unless the birthrate and standard of upbringing is to be yet further lowered. To say that the lower income levels are bearing the brunt of the Budget is not to imply that the higher are escaping. On the contrary, they are already taxed up to the extreme of economic return, and the new increases are in fact, if not in name, a levy on capital. It is difficult to see how any with commitments above a small minimum—owners of country properties are an obvious instance—can possibly effect reasonable retrenchments sufficient to avoid drawing on their capital.

TAXATION AND INSURANCE

NO one can question the necessity in this crucial period. Our homes, our institutions and traditions, must be thrown into the melting pot for armaments if need be or, more pertinently, if practicable. For we cannot survey the results of this levy on so much that has enriched our culture and countryside without melancholy doubts of these historic homes ever opening their hospitable rooms again. Those as yet lived in by their owners will inevitably join the majority that are either closed or pressed into wartime service. Their structures and artistic contents are, no doubt, for the most part reasonably safe from enemy damage, though some of the most historic have already suffered. But they are not insurable and even if they were, few of their owners could afford the premium under present conditions. In any case, works of art of the kind they contain are irreplaceable, nor can the overburdened Exchequer be expected to be responsible for replacing privately owned treasures, even if of national importance. In some quarters the view has been taken that the National Trust could somehow relieve the situation. But the Trust is not a State-aided institution: it is supported solely by the subscriptions and bequests of its members, and an approved property cannot be accepted by the National Trust unless accompanied by sufficient endowment for the costs of upkeep. This endowment, however, escapes death duties, and is taxed on a charitable scale, so that the vesting of an historic property in the National Trust does offer the most hopeful means of preserving their home with its contents to those willing to forgo its titular ownership rather than to sell it up and see its treasures scattered.

THE NESTING SEASON

TO those who refuse "to give up" birds entirely for the duration, the present nesting season should be of particular interest. How nearly back to normal is the bird population? Last spring there were noticeably fewer nests because of the casualties inflicted by the weather of the preceding January. Though the cold spell was less prolonged and less general (especially in the south-west) and casualties were on the whole less severe than in the winter of 1917, yet losses were in some places very heavy, especially among some of our most generally loved species. According to surveys reported in *British Birds* towards the end of last year, kingfishers and curlews both suffered heavier casualties



A GLIMPSE OF SPRING—LUDLOW, SHROPSHIRE

than in 1917. Herons sustained considerable losses, but fortunately our few resident bitterns seem to have been only slightly affected. The frost inevitably took toll of the long-tailed tits; golden-crested wrens suffered yet more severely; and tree-creepers were estimated to have lost from fifty to eighty per cent. of their numbers. Song thrushes were thinned nearly everywhere, and locally losses amounted to sixty or seventy per cent., but there now seem to be more about, so those mud-lined nests with the lovely black-speckled sky-blue eggs should be more evenly distributed this year—despite the pressing territorial competition of the more vigorous blackbirds. Moorhens were reported to have sustained heavy losses—locally up to ninety per cent.—but in some areas the frost took a very light levy of moorhens, and any deaths were fully made good in last year's nesting season. All three woodpeckers seem to have been affected, especially the big green yaffle, which is the best known, but it has been encouraging to hear not only drumming but also the demoniac laugh during recent weeks.

TRADITION

THOUGH nations reel, yet
Alkanet

Shall star the smugglers' lane with blue;
Nor shall forget-me-not forget
Bright shallows where the brook breaks through
From pasture to salt marsh that, green,
Sentinelled though still serene,
Lies by the pebble-ridge whose wire
Flashes with sunset fire.

The channel, with its submarine
Forest, has mine-fields sown between
The oozy stumps where Vikings stood
Before we slew them by the wood.

Where forts and gun-emplacements show
We thrust invaders back, I know,
From here one thousand years ago;
And, where we grassed a German 'plane
Among herb-robert filmed with rain
Last month, we'll do the trick again!

Though nations reel, yet
Alkanet

Shall star the smugglers' lane with blue,
Nor will these villagers forget
Tradition when the foe breaks through.

KATHLEEN COLLISON-MORLEY.

PRIVATE ENTERPRISE AND REPLANNING

LORD BALFOUR of Burleigh, in his summary of our series *London That is to Be*, published in our issue of April 12, emphasised that one of the greatest problems in replanning and reconstruction will be the complications of private ownership. Short of State purchase of properties to be replanned, the Pooling System is favoured as the most practical method of ensuring replanning in the public interest while preserving the rights of private property. Col. Cart de Lafontaine, however, has put forward an alternative by which property owners themselves should combine into co-operative associations to plan and finance reconstruction under the general direction of the regional planning board. "These Associations would be voluntary; and large enough to ensure profitable results but not so large as to be beyond the scope of one body of architects, quantity surveyors, engineers, and contractors. Expenses of administration and preparation would be met by grants from the national board, while costs of plans, etc., would be shared by the owners in the sector in proportion to the value of their holdings." Presumably the increment from the replanned area would be similarly distributed. The advantages of the proposal are the opportunity it offers to unified planning, to the division of a vast problem with workable sections, and the harnessing of private enterprise and keenness in the national service in place of a yet further extension of officialdom. The questionable point is the voluntary nature of the Association. Unless compulsory powers are available, there is the danger of one or more owners standing out and wrecking a public spirited plan in their own interests.

A COUNTRYMAN'S NOTES

The Ploughman Home Guard—My New Commission Comes Through—A Boom in Caravans—Memories of 30 Years Ago

By MAJOR C. S. JARVIS

A GOOD Home Guard story comes from Norfolk, and it is a pleasing story, as it proves the fact that the old-time slow-thinking, but sterling, British farm labourer still exists in the land and that they have not all become slick and Americanised by the cinema. On a Sunday morning musketry parade the commanding officer saw one of his men, an up-standing young ploughman, wearing a military overcoat, but in place of the ordinary brass G.S. buttons he had on a set of the most aggressive yellow bone ones.

When asked for an explanation he played for time in true Norfolk fashion by affecting not to hear the question. On the second time of asking he said:—

"So be as Oi thought it wouldn't be roight to go to plough in Army buttings. What d'ye think, me lard?" On hearing that this was a very right and proper spirit he went on: "And Oi thought when Oi comes to foight 'em, they Germans wouldn't never take count like of these valler buttings. What d'ye think?"

* * *

MANY years ago, when at the Dorchester Depot, I had a great husky raw recruit from the back blocks of Dorset who was not shaping too well and who looked extremely unhappy. One day I asked him what was the matter.

"Oi can't abide the Army," he said. "The chaps do put upon Oi. They makes Oi clean their boots and rifles, and arl zarts."

"Well, you're big enough and strong enough to look after yourself, aren't you?"

"Yes, zur."

"Well then, next time they try it on you'll know what to do about it."

"Yes, zur, I will," he said emphatically.

The following morning at company office I saw my friend paraded outside with the prisoners, and when I asked the reason the company sergeant-major said:—

"This morning the room corporal told him to tidy up his cot, and he half killed him. He says you told him to do it, sir."

* * *

I AM in doubt about how I should sign my notes this week, for I am very vague as to my rank now that my commission in the Home Guard has come through. In common with field marshals, generals, admirals and other big fish, I have got an Irishman's rise and am now back where I was in 1910 with a captain's rank.

I imagine the War Office had not considered how this Home Guard commission business would affect a professional writer. One thing a writer must not do is to change his pen-name in the slightest degree, unless of course his work stands out in a class by itself—but then we are talking about ordinary writers. If I call myself Captain C. S. Jarvis the majority of my COUNTRY LIFE readers will think the Editor has found another Countryman to do the Notes.

Actually I do not think a military rank before one's name is any advertisement of the wares one is trying to sell—on the contrary—but I started as a major, and a major I must remain.

* * *

IF there was one thing I thought the war would kill, at any rate for a time, it was caravanning, and for the first year after hostilities started vans were a drug in the market, and their marshalling yards looked forlorn and deserted. In the early "bow and arrow" days of the Home Guard, before we became a completely equipped and plutocratic force, we hired several vans at bed-rock prices as hutments for our observation posts, and the owners were delighted to let us have them.

Now there is such a shortage of country cottages required by evacuated townspeople, or as week-end haunts for city workers, that a veritable boom has set in and not a van is unlet. Moreover, in normal times the caravan dealer could be certain of letting his vans only for the two holiday months. To-day practically all his stock-in-trade is hired out already, and is likely to remain so for the duration of the war.

My caravan experiences date back to the nineteen hundreds, when the caravanner was so rare that he attracted attention, and sometimes unwelcome attention, wherever he went. For instance, the local policeman would usually call round at the camp two or three times during the night and early morning to find out exactly what one was up to. They were used to gypsies and their queer ways, but people who were not gypsies, yet adopted their method of life, must be engaged in some very funny business and be well worth watching.

Then there were the very well-meaning and hospitable people in the stately homes of England, who could not bear to think of poor wanderers out in the cold night in their demesnes and who sent down a footman requesting that the whole party should come up to the house to dine and sleep. On receiving a politely expressed refusal, they would come down themselves and insist that one gave up this horrible nomad existence and return to civilisation, stiff shirt fronts and six-course dinners, from which we were trying to escape. In those days R.L.S. was not very generally known, and they either repudiated or had not read the lines:

The bed was made, the room was fit,
By punctual eve the stars were lit;
The air was still, the waters ran,
No need was there for maid or man,
When we put up, my ass and I,
At God's green caravanserai.

Caravanning in those days was something of an adventure, and there was more excitement and novelty in finding the night's camp site than there is to-day, when nine farmers refuse to look at caravanners at any price, and the tenth makes his living out of them by reserving his ugliest and most wind-swept field and turning it into a caravan park at 2s. 6d. a night. We pioneer caravanners had some very amusing times trying to persuade farmers we were not going to steal their horses nor set their stacks afire, and assuring them we had not a performing lion in the van nor an elephant following us, and that we were not going "to give a show" that night.

For 'prentice caravanners there were, of course, a variety of funny incidents, which did not seem funny at the time, and I think the best of these concerned a huge hold-all box which my brother and I constructed. It was to carry all the boots and shoes of the party and various heavy oddments of attire that we could not get into the van. This, in our abysmal ignorance, we placed beneath the van, screwing it firmly to the bottom boards and also to the back axle, and ignoring completely the fact that there would be considerable play between the wheels and the remainder of the structure.

On leaving our first camping ground we had to pass over some very bumpy going before we reached the main road, and I thought I

heard a noise like splintering wood. We had been on the highway about an hour when a cyclist caught us up and stopped us.

"I don't know if you have been dropping anything," he said, "but the last three miles of the road are dotted with boots, shoes and overcoats."

A VIVID recollection is plodding slowly down the Worthing Road in the glorious spring of 1910, with the hedgerows, orchards and woods on either side a riot of primroses and wild daffodils. We passed through the sleepy villages of Billingshurst and Petworth, and along the whole length of this highway we met nothing outside the towns except a doctor driving a fast-trotting mare in a high gig. To-day—or rather before this war started—if one had wanted to cross at any part of this roaring autostrad one would have had to wait for five minutes for a break in the string of traffic; and as for the banks of wild daffodils, where are they to-day?

Tempora mutantur, but the trouble is that at heart I have not changed with them, and I would scrap my car, if all other interior combustion engines were scrapped with it, and go back, oh, so willingly, to the days of the victoria, the dog-cart and bicycle, and the long white roads that led to other roads, and to Sussex by the sea.

LADIES AT GREENWICH

THE WREN ESTABLISHMENT AT THE ROYAL NAVAL COLLEGE



LADIES AT GREENWICH IN 1635, WITH THE QUEEN'S HOUSE AND THE OLD PALACE OF PLACENTIA IN THE BACKGROUND. (From Hollar's engraving, 1635)



IN SIR JAMES THORNHILL'S FAMOUS PAINTED HALL

Lady Cholmondeley, Chief Officer W.R.N.S., with Captain J. C. Davis, R.N., O.B.E., Captain of the College, and Commander J. R. d'Oyly, R.N.

THERE must be few English people who do not know what the Royal Naval College at Greenwich looks like, if only from the river—the two huge buildings in the foreground, the colonnades and domes of those beyond and, far down the vista so cunningly devised by Sir Christopher Wren, the Queen's House looking small as a toy with the odd shapes of the Observatory rising on the hill behind it. To those who know Greenwich best, the College has to an extraordinary degree the atmosphere of something maritime, and that not only because of its long actual association with the sea.

Queen Elizabeth was born here, and here came Drake when he returned from sailing "round the world and back again," and his *Golden Hind* passing the Palace fired a salute to Her Majesty. That was when the fifteenth-century palace of Placentia or Pleasaunce was still standing; it was in ruins, and James I had built the Queen's House and Charles I begun the buildings that now bear his name when he gave the order that any shipmaster who passed Greenwich Palace without striking his topsails and saluting His Majesty should be liable to arrest. William and Mary had changed the palace to a hospital—in the old sense of the word—a hospital for fighting men of the ships broken in our wars, before Nelson's body was brought there from Trafalgar to lie in state in the Painted Hall. Now for nearly seventy years Greenwich has been the University of the Navy. So the association with the Navy is strong, and yet it does not seem very strange to-day that some of the figures in dark blue with a gleam of gold that move along its colonnades and corridors and cross its wide lawns are those of women.

Perhaps it is the uniform that has been chosen for the Women's Royal Naval Service which makes them fit in so well with their setting, for the officers' neat three-cornered hats and well-cut blue coats with their gold buttons have more than a hint of the eighteenth century in their effect. What is certainly in the Naval tradition is the unselfishness and earnestness with which these women, officers and ratings, have taken



MARINE SERGEANT
SHAW TRAINS THE
O.T.C.

up the task of fitting themselves—each and every one—to release for duty afloat some man of the Navy who otherwise would have been held on land.

Just as in the Air Force one plane in the sky needs quite a body of men and women on the ground whose various activities make the work of bombers and fighters possible, so behind our fighting ships afloat stand thousands and thousands of Naval personnel on shore. Since the Wrens were disbanded at the end of the first German War, these thousands have been men; now the Wrens are rapidly taking over much of their work and setting them free for active service at sea. There are among them Wren telephone switchboard operators, wireless telegraph operators, teleprinters and coders, clerks, secretaries, shorthand writers, typists, pay clerks and supply assistants, despatch riders, lorry drivers, chauffeurs, parachute-packers, messengers, stewards, cooks. Behind these again are those who make their work possible, the quarters assistants, cooks, telephonists, drivers and so forth, who deal with the needs of the working Wrens who are to be found at most of our Naval ports and bases. The Wren training takes place very largely during service. Recruits are deliberately chosen for work for which they already have some qualifications, but the Wren Officers' Training Course and the largest depot for Ratings are to be found at Greenwich, both the Officers' Training Course and the Drafting and Training Depot being housed in the great Queen Anne building, raised over the chapel crypt of Placentia, that in peacetime housed some of the most serious studies of the Naval College. The Wrens under their own officers, who are responsible to the Captain of the Royal Naval College, fit perfectly into the scene, and no one, least of all the men of the Navy, who are their most cordial co-operators, could resent their presence.

It is, in fact, a recognition by the Navy of what the Wrens have done and are doing for the Navy that they are housed as Naval officers would be during their short war-time training course. This fortnight comes once in the life of every Wren who is selected as a possible officer, and those appointed during the first months of the war, when suitable people had to be used with no special training, are being gradually taken through it as they can be spared for the various W.R.N.S. Establishments. The result of this is that in every course there will be some officers taking their special training comparatively late in their careers, while the rest will be petty officers or ratings still in the Wren uniform of their class with the white O.T.C. band on the left arm. The days' activities include squad drill, learning how to take drill, how to salute and when to salute, games, health exercises, and a share in as much of the social life of the

College as the exigencies of our lives allow. Every day there are two, and sometimes three, lectures from members of the staff or distinguished visiting lecturers on subjects which range from *The wider aspect of the present war with particular relation to the Royal Navy to Legal points as they affect a Wren*. They include at least one by Miss Heath, Assistant Controller of Publicity, Navy, Army and Air Force Institutes, on the usefulness of N.A.A.F.I. in connection with the canteens of the Navy. These lectures serve a double purpose in affording instruction and, as every probationer officer is expected to send in full notes, enabling Miss E. M. French, the Superintendent, to come to a final conclusion as to each student's suitability for promotion.

The Staff and Officers in training use the Painted Hall, the finest service mess-room in the world, in common with the Naval officers of the Royal Naval College. Each has her marked table-napkin to be taken from a marked pigeon-hole at the foot of the great staircase and returned to it as she passes down again—"originated in the old days as a test for sobriety," as a W.R.N.S. officer unkindly suggested. War-time has changed dinner into supper and whittled down many of those traditional formalities which mean so much to the Services, but still the stateliness of the scene remains. The white-coated and gloved Wren stewards work side by

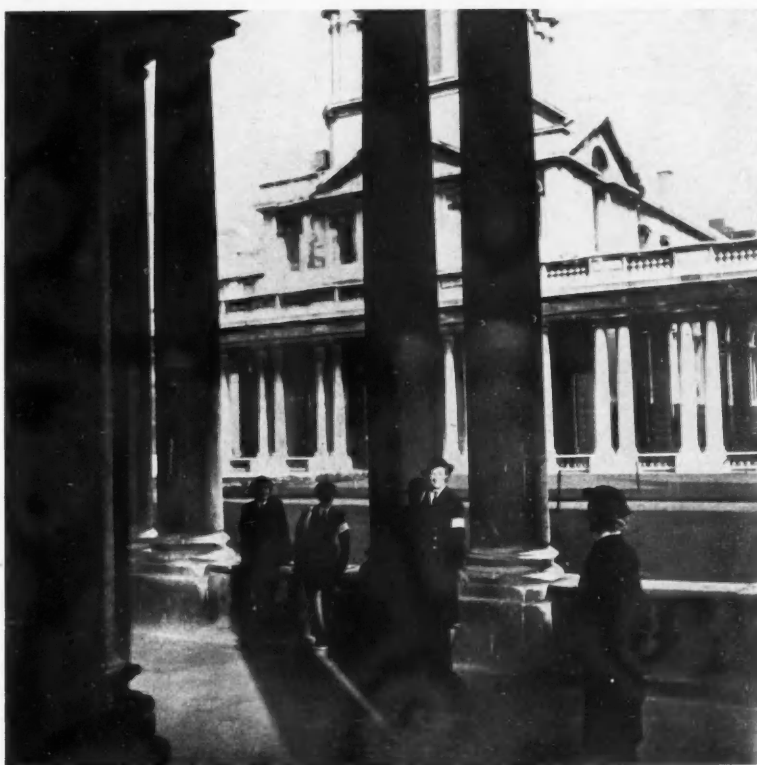
side with the men stewards of the College, the light from the high windows, or at night of the shaded candles, streams down on long tables beautifully set and, at the Wrens' table on the rows of young faces and shining heads of hair.

There is something characteristic in the spirit of the Wrens—shown in manner, speech and looks—courteous, pleasant, simple. And this, though the selection of applicants must be done with something that approaches genius, is not because these young women are specially enrolled with a view to appointment as officers. Every Wren now joins up as a rating, and according to her qualifications and her conduct has her chance of attaining officer's rank, after



Left: W.R.N.S. OFFICERS
WITH PROBATIONARY
OFFICERS OF DIFFER-
ENT RANKS

Below: AN INFORMAL
INSTRUCTION IN ONE
OF SIR CHRISTOPHER
WREN'S COLONNADES





Left : CHIEF OFFICER LAWES, IN CHARGE OF THE TRAINING AND DRAFTING DEPOT. Centre : A MERRY PETTY OFFICER. Right : THE OFFICER RESPONSIBLE FOR PHYSICAL TRAINING AT THE DEPOT

more or less service. To parody Napoleon's remark about the field marshal's baton in the soldier's knapsack: every Wren has a Director's blue braid in one of her many pockets.

A nice decorum in speech and manner is very early inculcated in the Wrens. At the Depot, which occupies the larger part of Queen Anne Building—though it is an entirely separate establishment under an officer of wide experience, Chief Officer Lawes—the girls, still in plain clothes and not yet enrolled, make an extremely good impression. It is the deliberate policy of the Wrens not to train the girl who "enters from shore" in new work, but to find what she can do best and then to let her do it. Thus, if a cook joins, she passes to the Depot's spotless kitchen, works under the capable Leading Wren in charge, and is soon given the Naval slant on food preparation. She may, after enrolment, go on to a special training course, either in cooking for officers' messes or dealing with large quantities for the lower deck, but she will not be turned into a writer (secretary) or a despatch rider, or learn teleprinting or how to deal with ciphers. These jobs are filled by women whose shore life has given them fundamental training or aptitude for them. This is one of the strengths of the Wren organisation, one of the reasons why, of the 10,000 recruited, whose number was completed on the last day of 1940, very few have had to wait long before they could pull their weight and take on a sailor's duties. And so it will be with the next 10,000, now joining at the rate of about 200 a week.



MISS E. M. FRENCH
Superintendent W.R.N.S. Officers' Training
Course

Some people have criticised the Wrens' use of Naval terms—such expressions as "entered from shore" for coming from civil life, "tea boat" for the afternoon break for tea and a bun—and have been surprised that they should divide a twenty-four hour day into watches. The reply to these criticisms is very simple: when these women work with the Navy, as most of them must, it would merely cause confusion if the Senior Service talked one language and the daughters of the Navy another. No one who has shared even for a day the inside life of Training and Drafting Depot, seen a steward busy cutting out a new dress from a paper pattern in her "off duty" time, or listened while the Chief Petty Officer in the Kitting Room discourses on the theme "Every one of 'em thinks her own skirt too long," would dream of calling these women unfeminine.

They are the opposite numbers of admirals—as are the Queen (Commandant-in-Chief) and the Duchess of Kent (Commandant) and the Director, Mrs. Laughton Mathews—captains, commanders, and lieutenants R.N. They are capable, steady and, as the war has already shown them under cruellest tests, brave and devoted. Yet it is not a wish to ape men, but the keenest desire to serve the Service of which the English for so many years have been so justly proud, that has inspired them to face the difficulties of organising a woman's navy and to overcome them.

BRENDA E. SPENDER.

[The photographs illustrating this article are by Mr. Cecil Beaton.]



WRENS AND GUESTS AT DINNER IN THE PAINTED HALL



WHITE-COATED AND WHITE-GLOVED WREN STEWARDS

MERCHANT MARKS

THEIR ORIGIN AND DEVELOPMENT.

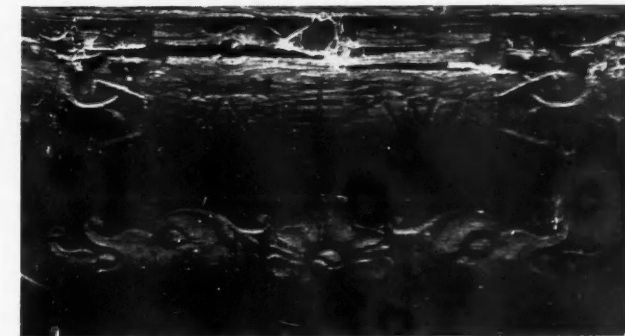
By ERNEST R. COOPER, F.S.A.

NO one can say precisely when this very ancient form of trade mark was first introduced, but merchant marks can be seen at Bristol on deeds dating from 1250, and in Norwich on documents going back to 1286; and they were in common use in England at least 700 years ago. In the "Creed" of Piers Plowman of 1362 we read of a friar's house displaying:

Wyde wyndoes y-wrought
Y-wrytten ful thikke
Shynen with shapen sheldes
With merkes of merchaunts
Y-medele betwene.

This shows that by the fourteenth century the custom had become so well established that when a wealthy merchant died his mark in coloured glass was often fixed in a church window.

As to the origin of these marks, we must remember that 700 years ago very few people could sign their names; indeed, prior to 1300 there were few surnames to sign, people being chiefly known by their christian or nicknames; and there was such a run on the simple favourites, John, James, William, etc., that endless confusion must have arisen in trade. Consequently merchants adopted the use of private marks to serve as their signatures, as well as trade marks on their goods, while common folks used nicknames, originally an "eke name,"



(Left) Merchant's mark between the initials of its owner, A. W. Carved on a beam at Swan's Hall, Hawkedon, Suffolk. (Right) At Clare Priory, Suffolk. Stained glass quarry with mark and the initials, T. B.; probably for Thomas Barnardiston, who owned the Priory, circa 1590

that the possession of a mark was already a distinction.

Later on, as marks became commoner, they naturally had to be more complicated, and a vast variety of designs were adopted, and often handed down from father to son as treasured business assets. The outstanding features were straight lines parallel or at angles to each other, possibly to facilitate cutting with a chisel on the barrels or cases in which goods were packed. Later they were branded

comprehensive list of English merchant marks, but several antiquaries have compiled catalogues of the marks used in certain localities, such as *Bristol Merchant Marks*, by Hudd, F.S.A., illustrating 483 varieties; *Norwich*, by Ewing, with 308 marks, fifty of which show the figure 4; *Norwich Brewers' Marks*, by Fitch, recording fifty examples; *Lynn Marks*, by Mackrell and Rylands. In the Guildhall library there is a manuscript collection of London marks.



1.—Peter de Cokerel (1286): an early mark from a Norwich document. 2.—Thomas Spring (1500): the mark of the wealthy Lavenham clothier. 3.—Thomas Webbe (1506): carved on his tomb in Dedham Church, Essex. 4.—Robert Wolsey (c. 1500): father of Cardinal Wolsey. From a corner post in St. Nicholas Street, Ipswich. 5.—Thomas Warren (1582): the mark of a Bristol merchant. 6.—Thomas Barber (1619): a brewer's mark, recorded in the *Norwich Brewers' Book*

meaning an "also," or extra, name, as we see in John Gilpin:

A trainband captain eke was he
Of famous London Town—

—the word having no connection with Old Nick.

Most merchants selected a symbol, simple in form, easily made and recognised, yet distinctive. The earliest types were often of a religious character, such as a cross, or banner, and this early form still survives in the X mark, made by illiterate or incapable persons when signing documents, and which we all employ when marking our ballot papers at election times. In the 1327 Subsidy List for Suffolk is recorded a family name "del Merk," showing

with a hot iron, or impressed on lead discs.

Beer brewers had special symbols, which in later times seem to have been registered and to have passed with the brewery. The X and XX, which we still see on beer barrels, are survivals of very old merchant marks, being a religious sign intended to keep the devil out of the beer. What Satan would do to the beer is dubious, but old-fashioned folk are still reluctant to disturb a full cask for fear that they should "rile the beer."

Apothecaries' marks also had a character of their own, chiefly displaying squares, circles, triangles or crescents, often with the owner's initials worked in, and there is some description of them in *Notes and Queries* for 1896.

Hundreds of marks embody the figure 4 in some form, and no one has so far satisfactorily explained what this sign indicates. Some consider it the mark of a wool stapler, but it is to be found in connection with other trades, and from its very frequent use this mystic sign evidently imported some once well known trade sign, the meaning of which has been lost. It is also remarkable that of the many thousands of known merchant marks no two are exactly alike, showing the infinite variety of these age-old trade symbols.

So far there does not appear to be any

Marks should be looked for on tombs and brasses, in windows, and more rarely in the ornamentation of the structure of churches. On the tower of Lavenham Church, Suffolk, is carved the mark of the wealthy clothier, Thomas Spring, who contributed largely to the building of it. At Dedham Church the mark of Thomas Webbe, another rich clothier, occurs on his tomb in the north aisle and also in the carved ornament of the vaulted passage that runs through the base of the tower. The ruthless destruction of old glass has not left many examples in windows such as Langland saw, but in one at St. Andrew's, Norwich, there still remains the mark of Robert Gardiner (1508), who was thrice mayor of the city, and at Clare Priory in Suffolk there are two quarries of a merchant's mark with the initials T. B. Marks are also found on the corner posts and carved beams of old timber-framed houses, such as that at Swan's Hall, Hawkedon, Suffolk, where the mark is cut between the initials of its owner, A. W. Other sources of marks are early documents, including wills. They are also found on the trade tokens of the sixteenth, seventeenth and eighteenth centuries—chiefly, of course, in large cities, manufacturing counties, and the principal seaports, especially those of the wool staple.

With the spread of education merchant marks fell out of use and the period of signs came into vogue. Nearly every tradesman did business at such and such a sign, a custom which our innkeepers have kept up to this day. After the signs came trade marks, which still flourish under the rule of the Trade and Merchandise Marks Acts.

A comprehensive history dealing with the origin, design and significance of merchant marks throughout England would be a welcome addition to every reference library, and perhaps some leisured antiquary may yet undertake the task.



Shield at the base of Lavenham Tower with the mark and the initials of Thomas Spring, the clothier, one of the chief benefactors of the church

MOSS FROM A ROLLING STONE—2

CROSS AND CRESCENT IN YUGOSLAVIA

By NEGLEY FARSON

THE Serbs are the only people, so far as I know, whose national holiday celebrates a defeat. This is the battle of Kosovo, 1389, after which, for 400 years, the Serbs passed under Turkish rule. The kingdom of Serbia disappeared. The Turks are a remarkable race, considering the tenacity with which they can confront the ravages of history. And when Bosnia and Herzegovina were joined with Serbia, to make Yugoslavia after the last war, the Turks had left in these two former provinces a Mohammedan life more authentic, more devout than you could find anywhere in Islam outside the Senussi of the Libyan Desert or among the Wahabis of Ibn Saud.

Here, among the pine-cloaked valleys, across the high, cool green grasslands, and among those baked mountains of karst (which look like a petrified sponge) that fringe the Dinaric Alps you came on white minarets, and the completely veiled women and red fez which Mustapha Kemal had abolished in modern Turkey as far back as 1925.

But while Kemal Atatürk had ruthlessly cut Church from State in the modern Turkey in order to force his country to fall into step with western civilisation, the Serbs made no effort to change this idyllic Mohammedan life in Bosnia and Herzegovina. Instead, they abolished the system of Turkish landlord and white serf, which had been allowed to exist even under the Austrian régime; and, when I

first drove through there in 1924, they had already established 111,000 of these *hmet* families as owners of the land they had once tilled, getting only one-fifth of the fruits of their toil. It was a happy, romantic land.

But, as this war is showing, it was much more than that. The wonder about Yugoslavia is that

with all its cross currents, its complexity of religions and races, with both Germans and Italians working full time behind the scenes to disrupt it by a Croatian rebellion, the young and virile kingdom ever held together at all. But through all the many storms which have



SUMMIT OF TRIGLAV, THE HIGHEST POINT IN THE DINARIC ALPS
This was a frontier watch-tower during the last war

raged around Belgrade these Serbo-Croat Mohammedans of Bosnia and Herzegovina (for most of them are white Mohammedans) were left in peace.

The result is that there is a strong and kindly feeling between the modern Turkey and Yugoslavia. And while, until possibly Turkey itself is invaded, they may not be standing shoulder to shoulder on a war front, they are allies under the skin.

I have just spoken of the centrifugal forces which have been working ever since its inception to pull Yugoslavia apart. There are roughly 15,000,000 people in this kingdom, of whom the two dominant people are the Serbs and Croats. There are some 5,000,000 Serbs and some 4,000,000 Croats. There are also about 1,000,000 Slovenes. Ever since they came to power Hitler and Mussolini have been working to disrupt Yugoslavia by means of a Croatian separatist movement, even a rebellion. It doesn't matter that their aims conflict.

The Germans wanted to smash Yugoslavia so that they could push south and establish naval bases on the Adriatic. Mussolini has

been trying ever since the march on Rome to seize Dalmatia. It was Mussolini's hired assassins who murdered King Alexander at Marseilles in 1934. There is evidence enough to corroborate that now. And Ante Pavolich, the chief conspirator, who watched, from the pavement, as Vlada, the chauffeur, fired the shots which killed Alexander and the French Foreign Minister, M. Barthou, fled to Italy and was given refuge—now turns up, on April 6, broadcasting to Yugoslavia from the safety of Berlin and calling on Croats to revolt and join the Axis.

Pavolich murdered Alexander. But the man he must hate most now is Dr. Matchek, Vice-Premier of Yugoslavia and leader of the Croatian Peasant Party; in fact, the uncrowned king of Croatia. As late as 1936 (when I saw him on his farm twenty miles outside Zagreb), Dr. Matchek told me he was still working to bring about an independent Croatian Republic. When everything seemed to be pointing his way and when German mechanised divisions threatened and both Italian and German dive bombers were soaring overhead to force him to break the Yugoslav unity, Dr. Matchek chose this perilous moment to turn his back on both Hitler and Mussolini.

As this article is being written news comes from the Balkans that the "terrorist" Ante Pavolich has reached Zagreb and has established something of a Dictatorship over a "Croat Republic." This may not be permanent, and news from Yugoslavia, for some time, must be accepted with reservations. But if the honest Dr. Matchek has been forced—under German pressure—to acquiesce in the formation of a "Croatian Republic," under the terrorist who murdered King Alexander, then Dr. Matchek has accepted the very thing he did not want—vassalage to another State. Dr. Matchek's early efforts to side with the Serbs against Hitler shows how little value he attached to German promises of "freedom" for the Croats.

I spent the entire summer of 1935 and 1936 in the mountains of Slovenia. I stayed at Lake Bohin, where the former Regent, Prince Paul, has his modest little hunting and shooting lodge. Between spells of writing and trout fishing I climbed the Dinaric Alps. The one summer was on the eve of Mussolini's Abyssinian adventure; the other was when it was full on. In the first summer, when I climbed along the snow-crested mountains along the frontier of Italy, I often found myself inside Italian territory. There was, usually, a Fascist flag fluttering in the pass. But in the snow-fog I would often miss these flags. They did not, that first summer, look so impressive.



DR. MATCHEK



A PARADE AT ZAGREB ON DR. MATCHEK'S BIRTHDAY, THE NATIONAL HOLIDAY OF CROATIA

But the next summer, when, lost in the fog one day, I found myself facing this bombastic banner, with its implications, I felt furious. First, because the flag showed me I had lost my way, but basically because a few days before I had run into four Slovenes in one of these passes who had just managed to escape from Italy. The Italians had been hunting them among the mountains like wild chamois. They had just reached the protection of the Yugoslavian frontier guards when I came on them.

"Sir," they said, still panting, "you do not know what it is like! There are 400,000 or 500,000 of us in Italy. Mussolini wants to kill us. He is not sending us Serbs, Croats and Slovenes to Abyssinia as soldiers—no, he is shipping us down there, like animals, to work in the labour corps. We are to build roads to help the Italians to conquer another people. And they are sending us to all the bad, unhealthy places. Few of us will ever return alive. That is the way Mussolini hopes to solve one of his minority problems!"

The man who said this was a university student. He told us he had left his family and taken to the mountains as he would rather die than wear the Duce's uniform.

A few days later, when I was climbing

seven terrorists with scythes, sickles and flails.

The Croatian peasants adore their rugged leader. And I was told that if I went to the back room of a certain small eating-place in Zagreb I should meet the secretary of the Croatian Peasant Party—and be taken to Matchek.

The night I sat with Dr. Matchek by the oil lamp in his farmhouse there were eleven peasants, with rifles now, standing guard around his yard. As I drove off one of them stepped out from behind a tree, and, in the glare of my head-lights, challenged me with his Steyr carbine. He brought the point home that times were difficult.

But Dr. Matchek was peace itself. I have seen many national figures in my years as a foreign correspondent, and in my opinion, Dr. Matchek takes his place beside Roosevelt and Gandhi. Yes, there is the same strength, which comes from wise simplicity, among all three.

Instead of the fire-eater I had expected to meet I found myself talking with a philosopher, a quiet, kindly man, deeply interested in the outside world—a thoughtful statesman who, for example, asked me what I thought was the real efficacy of Gandhi's civil disobedience movement, now that I had watched it in action in India. I told him that I thought

Kosutitch is now the Vice-President of the Croatian Peasant Party. He is the man whom Dr. Matchek sent to make his arrangement with the Serbian leaders to defy the Nazis. M. Kosutitch, when we had that lunch, was in exile. His wife was the daughter of Stefan Raditch, founder of the original Croatian Peasant Party, the man who demanded of President Woodrow Wilson that he should make an independent Republic of Croatia—the man who had even come to London, trying to persuade the British to give him the same thing. Stefan Raditch was murdered on the floor of the Yugoslavian Parliament in June, 1928, shot by a wild Montegroian deputy.

His daughter, only two days before that lunch, had escaped from Yugoslavia by climbing over and sliding down the mountains into Austria—without a passport.

Here, again, at this lunch, was discussed the hope of a Croatian republic. But—and here is where Serb wisdom comes in—Raditch's daughter admitted that King Alexander had always been very fond of her father; it was "the others"—the corrupt politicians of Parliament (and the foreign-subsidised trouble-makers)—who always came between them. And now, too, if Regent Prince Paul, who was a reasonable (if weak) man could have his way,



A SKI HUT HIGH ON THE DINARICS

Triglav, the highest peak in the Dinaric Alps, I paused on a snow face to watch the Italian Alpini scaling the grey rocks above me. They were singing. At first I thought it must be the Heavenly Choir (because I did not see them and their voices came down through the clouds); but later on I could even hear their laughter.

One face of Triglav belongs to Italy; there is a round steel watch-tower on the top where the Serbs held guard during the last war. It was held down, against the fierce wind, by steel cables. And when I had managed to get down from that, just on the eve of sunset, I spoke to the keeper of the hut, at 8,000 ft., where I was to spend the night, about the Italians' singing and jeering laughter.

"Yes!" he said hotly; "they want our forests. They have no wood in Italy." Then he added the Slovenian equivalent to saying that they would be told to come and get it.

I was assured that, although Dr. Matchek was agitating for a Croatian autonomy tantamount to complete independence, he had no use for Italy. Therefore the Italians had subsidised some corrupt police and Serbian terrorists to send assassins down from Belgrade to murder him. The peasants of Matchek's tiny village, Kuppenich, had, instead, killed the

it would be all-powerful, provided you could get all your followers to obey it implicitly, but that Gandhi himself had told me he could not control the Chittagong terrorists who were ruining his satyagraha campaign.

"And," I added, "it all depends upon whom you are using it against. Your adversary must have a conscience; that's his Achilles' heel. It wouldn't work against Mussolini, for instance."

Matchek gave a short, humorous laugh; then he frowned. "But that's just the very person we would have to use it against!"

He then said that although Croatia had been for centuries under Austro-Hungarian rule (it had been a Vice-Royalty of Hungary) he did not want to go in that direction either. He would like, what seemed most feasible, a proper and peaceful arrangement giving Croatia full autonomy with Belgrade. But, in his deepest heart, he wanted a Republic of Croatia—a peasant republic.

I left him that night, after he had given me a long, deep dissertation on Tolstoi and human freedom. I left with the conviction that I had been talking to one of the greatest Liberals I would ever meet.

I drove on to Vienna. There I gave a lunch to M. Kosutitch and his young wife. M.

then peace was still easy to obtain with Belgrade. If only Paul could make the gesture!

Well, Paul did. In 1939 he gave Croatia the status of an independent Province, with a great amount of autonomy. He came to Zagreb on Matchek's birthday (now the national holiday for Croatia). And he made Dr. Matchek the Vice-President of Yugoslavia.

So the long, troubled tale is told.

And what a sequel! A Yugoslavia traitor Government signs a pact with Hitler—Yugoslavia seems another nation lost to the Allies. The Serbian Reserve of Officers disbands itself as a protest. (The Serbs would have fought anyway.) But Matchek, quiet Dr. Matchek, the last hope of chagrined Hitler and Mussolini—Matchek takes this very moment to hurl the pact back in the Führer's face.

He did this, not because he had merely obtained satisfaction of Croatian demands from Belgrade. Fundamentally he did it because that great man hates the soul-crushing totalitarian state as much as any human being can hate it. If he has failed (for the moment) it must not be taken that he has betrayed the Allies' fight for liberty. When the last page of this Balkan struggle is written Dr. Matchek will have an honoured name on the blood-stained pages of its history.



1.—THE RIVERSIDE, FROM THE NORTH-EAST

On the left the Great Chamber, with Sir Philip Hoby's tower and additions to the right

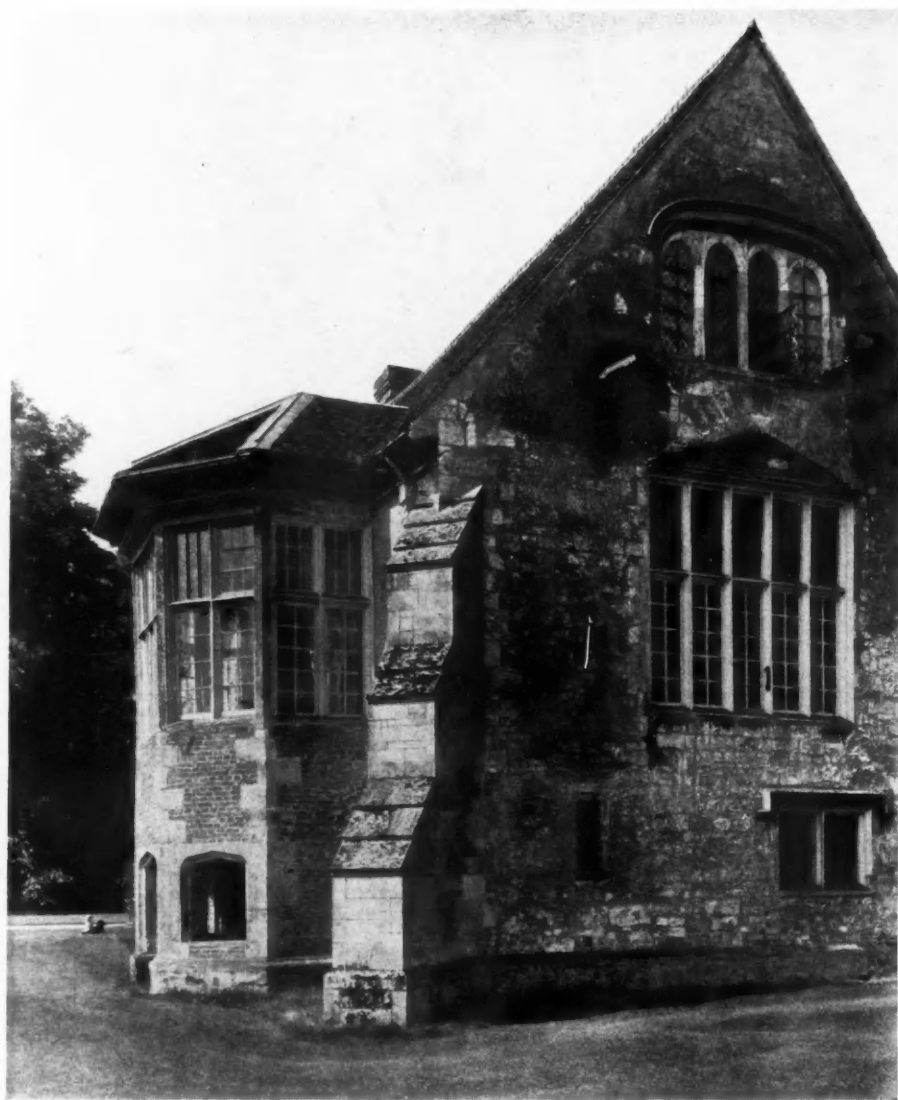
BISHAM ABBEY, BERKS—III

THE SEAT OF MISS VANSITTART-NEALE

Of Bisham's legendary ghost, and the Jacobean and Georgian alterations to the thirteenth-century House of the Knights Templars

DAME ELIZABETH HOBY, who was left a widow at the age of thirty-eight with four young children, seems to have been a masterful and remarkable woman. She came of a family with a high reputation for scholarship and was herself thoroughly conversant with Latin, Greek and French. Her eldest sister, Mildred, married Lord Burghley; the second, Anne, who had been governess to Edward VI, wedded Sir Nicholas Bacon and was mother of Francis, Lord Verulam, held by some to have been the author of Shakespeare's plays. Her youngest sister, Catharine, was also a good scholar, being learned in Hebrew, Greek and Latin.

After eight years of widowhood Dame Elizabeth married as her second husband Lord John Russell, son of the fourth Earl of Bedford. Of this marriage there were three children, Thomas, Anne, and Elizabeth. The boy died in infancy, and is so depicted lying in front of his mother on her tomb, and Elizabeth also died young, but Anne lived to become the wife of Lord Henry Herbert. Lord John died in 1584 and was buried in Westminster Abbey. Dame Elizabeth translated from the French a learned work on the Eucharist, and is said to have composed the Latin and Greek inscriptions on the family tombs at Bisham and also those on the monument to her second spouse at Westminster. She seems to have had a passion for funeral pomp and was able to indulge it very thoroughly in the course of her long life, since she buried two husbands and four children, not to mention the re-burial of her brother-in-law. We may be fairly certain, too, that she had a good deal to do with the interment of her daughter-in-law, Margaret, first wife of her eldest son. Shortly before she herself



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2.—THE NORTH GABLE OF THE EARLS OF SALISBURY'S GREAT CHAMBER
The brick oriel was added by the Hobys circa 1560

"Country Life"



3.—THE JACOBEOAN DRAWING-ROOM REPLACING THE MEDIAEVAL GREAT CHAMBER

died she made elaborate arrangements for her own funeral, taking great pains to ensure that the proper etiquette should be observed at the function. There is a letter from her to Sir William Dethick, Garter King at Arms, in which she asks what number of mourners were due to her calling; what number of pages, gentlemen ushers, chief mourners, lords and gentlemen; the manner of her hearse, of the heralds and church, etc. The letter concludes thus: "Good Mr. Garter, do it exactly, for I find fore warnings that bid me provide a pickaxe and etc." On June 2, 1609, this remarkable old woman passed away at the age of eighty-one. Her ghost is fabled to walk in one of the bedrooms at Bisham perpetually washing her hands like Lady Macbeth to atone for the crime of causing the death of her second son, Thomas Posthumus, whom, because he blotted his copy books, she is said to have whipped so severely that he died. It is further related that about 1840 a copy-book of the sixteenth century full of blots was discovered in the house. The snag in this somewhat sensational story is that Thomas outlived his mother and married. Whipped he may have been, and probably was—for he was no favourite of his mother—but not with fatal consequences. She referred to him as a "scurvy urchin" and a "spindle-shanked ape." When he grew up he seems to have got into trouble with the authorities for some escapade, and in contemporary *Star Chamber Proceedings* he is described as "ye busyest sawcie little Jackie in all the Contrie," and would have an oar in everybody's boat. One cannot help feeling that the parental correction was by no means unmerited in the case of young Thomas.

Very different was his elder brother, Edward, who must have been a son after his mother's own heart. Educated at Eton and Trinity College, Oxford, he inherited his father's aptitude for statesmanship and his mother's linguistic ability. In 1582, when twenty-two, he married Margaret Carey, daughter of Lord Hunsdon, and two years later accompanied his father-in-law on a special mission to Scotland, where he greatly impressed the young James VI, who



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4.—THE ORIEL WINDOW OF THE DRAWING-ROOM



5.—PORTRAITS OF SIR EDWARD HOBY (1577) AND HIS SISTERS

in later years when King of England often visited him at Bisham. Queen Elizabeth seems to have been suspicious of his influence at the Scottish Court, and for a time he was under a cloud at home. Later he re-established himself in the Queen's favour and, entering Parliament, represented various constituencies, including Berkshire. His first wife died in 1605, and he subsequently married secondly Elizabeth, daughter of Sir John Danvers, and thirdly Cecile, daughter of Sir Edward Unton, a Berkshire squire from the other end of the county. Hoby was an excellent scholar and cultivated the friendship of learned men, particularly William Camden, the historian, who thought very highly of his attainments and dedicated his *Hibernia* to him. A keen theologian and controversialist of strong Protestant bias, he composed a

number of religious tracts with entertaining titles in the manner of the age and made some translations from French and Spanish. Sir Edward—he had been knighted by Elizabeth—died in 1617 and was buried at Bisham, but there was now no Dame Elizabeth to erect a monument to his memory, and the only record of his death occurs in the parish register. His portrait as a young man (Fig. 5), painted in 1577, hangs in the drawing-room. It is a particularly attractive picture and was formerly attributed to the French school, but more recent opinion among experts considers it to be English work. It is strange how reluctant as a rule we are to lay claim to any artistic masterpiece.

The Hobys held Bisham for more than two centuries until the death in 1766 without issue of the Very Rev. Sir Philip Hoby, Dean

of Ardferth and Chancellor of St. Patrick's, Dublin, who bequeathed the estate to his maternal first cousin, Sir John Mill, who assumed the name of Hoby. Sir John died without issue in 1780 and was buried in the Hoby Chapel, where he is commemorated by a ledger stone. His widow shortly afterwards sold the property to George Vansittart, sixth son of Arthur Vansittart of Clewer and Windsor. On the death of George's grandson in 1885 Bisham passed to his cousin, Edward Vansittart-Neale, to whose granddaughter it now belongs.

To return to the house. The Hoby alterations and additions were extensive and must have completely changed the general appearance of the fabric. Most of the work was carried out in warm-coloured Tudor bricks. The surviving range of the quadrangle



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6.—AN ARCHITECTURAL CUPBOARD
Mahogany; style of William Kent, circa 17357.—THE GEORGIAN STAIRCASE
From hall to Great Chamber
"Country Life"

containing the great chamber was refenestrated, a plaster ceiling inserted beneath the splendid open timber roof, which is now only visible from the attic, and a large semi-octagonal bay window added on the east side (Fig. 2). This last feature is, on the whole, the most successful of the Hoby additions. Rooms in two storeys were added on the south side of the hall between the great chamber and the porch. The easternmost of these (Fig. 8) was redecorated with charming Gothic plasterwork in the latter part of the eighteenth century and contains a bed hung with contemporary Indian printed cotton. Behind it can be seen the pointed arch of one of the blocked windows. The opposite side of the hall was masked externally by a staircase and a large dining-room with a library above it (Fig. 1), but the building between it and the great chamber, containing the staircase, though much altered, is at least as old as the fourteenth century. Finally, a north range of rooms, seen on the right of Fig. 1, was added, and a tower of brick and stone on a triangular plan in the centre of the buildings, the latter probably occupying part of the "lytell wood garde" of the 1552 survey. This tower was quite possibly an afterthought on the part of Sir Thomas. In its position it recalls the rather earlier tower at Melbury Sampford, in Dorset, or Prior Bolton's Canonbury Tower at Islington; like them, it was probably designed as a belvedere. There is a magnificent view from the top embracing a splendid stretch of the Thames Valley. The tower serves to pull together the irregular and rambling mass of the buildings.

The present kitchen, which adjoins its mediæval predecessor, appears to be rather later than the other work and may

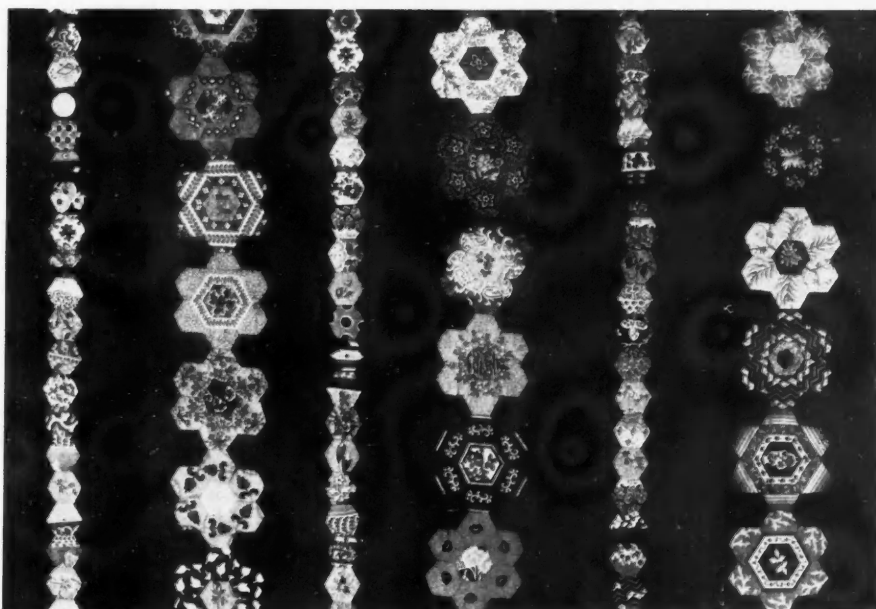
(Right) 9. PATCH-WORK QUILTING ON A WINE-RED GROUND
Late eighteenth century

(Below) 10. — THE CHINTZ BEDROOM IN THE NORTH-WEST WING



(Above) 8.—A BED-ROOM ADJOINING THE HALL.

Georgian Gothic plasterwork and contemporary Indian print hangings



be due to Sir Edward Hoby. Since then very little has been done to the fabric. The north range of rooms was redecorated in the latter part of the eighteenth century, probably by George Vansittart, soon after he came into possession. In 1859 there was much restoration and some redecorating of the interior and the existing rather clumsy Victorian fenestration of the great hall

is of this date, as are the unfortunate tiles in the porch and hall. Within recent years the exterior of the house has been freed of creepers and stucco, to its manifest gain, and careful repairs have been carried out under the supervision of Mr. Edward Warre, F.R.I.B.A. The great chamber, now the drawing-room, is still a fine and spacious room, though one cannot but regret that the sixteenth-century refashioning was so thorough, obliterating as it did most of the original features (Fig. 3). There are now two fireplaces, one Elizabethan and the other modern. The bay window in the east wall exhibits some particularly interesting armorial stained glass dating from the fourteenth to the seventeenth centuries (Fig. 4), the original position of which is uncertain:—

Fourteenth century.—Montague impaling Grandison. William Montague, first Earl of Salisbury, married in 1327 Catharine, daughter of William, first Lord Grandison.

Fifteenth century.—Quartered shield of Richard Neville, Earl of Salisbury, father of the King-maker.

Sixteenth century.—Pole impaling the quartered arms of Clarence. Margaret Clarence, daughter of George, Duke of



Clarence, was restored in 1513 by Henry VIII as Countess of Salisbury.

Seventeenth century.—(1) Thomas Cecil, Earl of Exeter, married firstly Dorothy Neville, daughter and coheir of John, fourth Lord Latimer. Her arms are borne in pretence on the shield, which is encircled by the Garter. Cecil was created K.G. in 1601 and his wife died in 1609, so the shield must date between these years.

(2) Robert Cecil, Earl of Salisbury and half-brother of Thomas. His mother was the eldest sister of Dame Elizabeth Hoby.

The present staircase from the hall to the drawing-room is of eighteenth-century date (Fig. 7). The fact that it is approached

from the hall by a mediæval doorway confirms that it occupies the position of the stairway mentioned in the 1552 survey.

In the great hall is some fine sixteenth-century tapestry illustrating the story of Tobit, which formerly hung in one of the bedrooms, and is probably of Flemish origin. Some of the rooms, especially the bedrooms, retain attractive eighteenth century decoration and furniture (Figs. 8 and 10). A minor feature of these is their old patchwork quilts. In that illustrated (Fig. 9) the pattern of late eighteenth-century stuffs mounted on old wine-coloured cloth is exceptionally decorative.

Though Bisham has not remained in the possession of one family for all, or even most,

of its existence like some old houses, there is, nevertheless, a remarkable sense of continuity in much of the furniture and pictures, which were acquired with the house by George Vansittart when he purchased the property from the widow of Sir John Hoby Mill just a century and a half ago.

In conclusion, I should like to draw the attention of those who may be interested in the remarkable heraldic display in the Hoby Chapel to the very able and comprehensive account of it by Mr. P. S. Spokes, F.S.A., in Vol. XLIV, Part II of the *Berkshire Archaeological Journal*, to which I am indebted for many particulars relating to the family and their alliances.

E. T. LONG.

FARMING NOTES

PLOUGHING-IN POTATOES

SEVERAL of my friends who travel up to London have remarked to me on the changed look of the land they pass through. They seem to think it extraordinary that in the particular district they know so much ground has been newly ploughed. But wherever one goes in England, and for that matter in Wales, there are stretches of brown earth where for years grass has reigned supreme. The second year's ploughing-up campaign on top of the first has made a mark on the countryside for all to see, whether or not they know anything about farming.

What impresses the layman, too, is the number of new tractors at work on the land. The bright ochre Fordson, the yellow "Caterpillar" and the scarlet International and Massey Harris stand out. Altogether, we have just over 80,000 tractors on farms in this country, and at least 30,000 of them are new ones with a show of paint. It is only because we have been able to get these extra tractors that the gigantic job of the second year's ploughing campaign on top of the first has been managed so well. We could do with more tractors still. Some districts are short and the war agricultural committees have not enough mechanical power to help out all the small farmers who need a hand in the spring. It is true that, if we had enjoyed open weather in March and it had been possible to keep on the land more consistently, April would not have been such a rush month. As it is, farmers with tractors have been hard pressed to get through all their own work, and their neighbours' pleas for assistance could not be met as readily as everyone would have liked. After all, the first job of the tractor is on the owner's farm. However excellent the advice to "Help your neighbour," nothing would be gained by delaying essential work on one's own farm in order to oblige the next-door man.

It is not only the large acreage of spring corn which has made urgent demands on the tractor force, but also the rolling of the winter wheat and the preparation of land for potatoes. This latter appears a big job on farms where potatoes are not normally grown, but it is not really so formidable as it seems. By far the easiest method is to plough in the potatoes as the ingenious Mr. Arthur Hosier does in Wiltshire.

At the beginning of this month his neighbours had the opportunity of seeing Mr. Hosier's idea of growing potatoes without tears. He uses an ordinary three-furrow plough with a wooden box set on a frame to hold about a hundredweight of seed potatoes. A man rides on a seat alongside and drops the potatoes into pockets on to a conveyor belt which feeds them into a spout in front of the first furrow, so that every third furrow is planted. The conveyor belt is driven by a land wheel running on the unploughed ground, the size of the wheel determining the rate at which the potatoes are dropped and the distance apart. The results at this demonstration were most satisfactory, the potatoes, being planted at 17in. apart and 27in. between the rows. One man driving the tractor and one man sitting on the plough do the back-breaking work of at

least eight or ten people planting potatoes in the ordinary way.

Mr. Hosier's idea is to harrow down the furrows and, when the first shoots of the potatoes appear, to ridge up in the ordinary way. It takes a genius like Mr. Hosier to think of a simple idea like that. What the potato-growing kings in South Lincolnshire would think of ploughing in potatoes I do not know, but this simple labour-saving method will appeal to many general farmers who have undertaken to grow five or ten acres of potatoes because they were asked to and have been rather fearful about the labour requirements of the crop, especially at this very busy time when there is so much work crying out to be done on the land.

It cannot be said that the types of machinery we use on our farms have kept pace with the increasing use of tractors. Too many of the implements that the tractor draws were designed for horses, and we do not get the full advantage of the power we are using. We have our tractor ploughs, but too often the other implements, such as rollers, cultivators and harrows, are inadequate. One of the most useful tools to run behind a tractor is a disc-harrow. We need more of them.

ONE new development which has caught on with large-scale arable farmers is the combined seed and fertiliser drill. I have seen several new ones working during the past fortnight. I happened to be on one farm when they were planting eighty-eight acres of barley. The steam tackle prepared the ground with a heavy cultivator. Then a tractor followed with drags; then a tractor with the combine drill. It was easy ground to work, and the farmer counted on getting in thirty-five to forty acres a day. This is modern farming in quick time, but, as every farmer knows, it is not economical to have a complete set of large-scale implements unless one is growing at least 150-200 acres of corn, and in this country there are a score of farms growing twenty acres of corn to every one growing 150 acres.

To some extent the war agricultural committees with their fleet of machinery should be able to fill the breach and help out small farmers who have not the equipment to cultivate their land economically. But so far the committees have been mainly concerned with ploughing, and it has been often left to the small man to get on as best he can, once his land has been ploughed. It would be of great advantage to have an adequate flying squad of machinery in every district, either under the control of a county committee or worked by contractors who are prepared to do the complete job of ploughing, cultivating and sowing for small farmers. Not until we get some such complete organisation on these lines shall we be able to make full use of the tractors we have.

AN East Anglian farmer writes scathingly of the Minister of Agriculture's idea to take 200 tractor drivers, thatchers and other men skilled in the ways of arable farming, and to transfer them from arable districts to the Midlands where they know more about grazing

than about cultivations and arable husbandry. "Now when we want every skilled man on our own farms where we can grow decent crops Mr. Hudson tempts them away to waste their time on a lot of land that ought never to have been ploughed up—war or no war," says the farmer. Be that as it may, we have to make full use of our skilled men in agriculture as in other industries, and, with the rapid expansion of arable farming in the Midlands, a few competent instructors in each district may be instrumental in spreading enlightenment over thousands of acres.

It may be deplorable that there are thousands of farmers who know little or nothing about arable cultivations, but that is the fact. The best that can be done in the national interest is to send some emissaries from the best arable districts to show the way. If there is only one man on a farm who knows how things should be done, that is better than no one; and in some Midland districts there is no one.

THE nation wants all the cheese that can be made this summer, and in the south-west and in Cheshire every farmer who can is being urged to make cheese again. The factories should be kept fully busy too. In normal times a good deal of milk goes to calves which are suckled for two or three weeks until they are considered fit for veal. This is surely a waste of milk—not so bad as the use of milk for cats, but a waste. To enable calf-rearers to save milk, calf gruel has now been removed from the list of rationed feeding-stuffs. Any dairy farmer can now obtain 56 lb. of calf meal or gruel for each 560 gallons of milk that he sold in February. This seems a curious arrangement, but no doubt there is some reason for taking February milk output as the basis of calculating how much meal a man will want for his calves in April. I fail to see the connection myself. The important point is that only the bare minimum of whole milk should now be used for the calves.

CINCINNATUS.

TREASURE

WE have known treasure fairer than a dream
Upon the hills of youth. And it shall stay
Jewelled in the distance, untarnished and supreme.
For the dark tentacles of life's decay
Shall never shadow it, nor take away
Its years, like flowers, grown golden in the sun;
Its years lived fully, with the gathered light
Heaped in the falling wave, the last tide run . . .
And amethyst across the sea of night,
Caught in the shining wing of birds in flight.

For dawn and dusk we knew, and caught our breath
With the exquisite agony of Spring:
Lived deep, talked lightly of this stranger, Death,
And love, grown wistful with remembering—
A half familiar tune we used to sing . . .
These we shall keep for ever, they were ours:
Love's touch upon our hands, music and flowers,
Though, in the faithless years they have no part
These are the changeless things, the real of heart.

DOROTHY GIBSON.

MEMORIES OF "W. G." AND OTHERS

By E. H. D. SEWELL

CUT grass means wickets, and wickets mean cricket. I can never think of cut grass without recalling the happy times I spent at the April practices at the Crystal Palace with W. G. Grace. There seemed miles of cut grass there amid those beautiful surroundings. What a glorious ground that was—the best billiard table for a cricket ground I ever saw. The pitch itself seemed never to be other than good.

Only once did I see a batsman at all seriously hit, and then the ball did not pitch. It was with a full toss that Cotter hit W. G. on the left breast in the second over of Gentlemen v. Australians in 1905, a match in which I did not play only because its first day was a fine one. Archie MacLaren suffered from rheumatism. If the weather was not ideal, it had been decided, he would not turn out and I was to play. How I listened for rain that night in my home in Snarebrook!

That blow in the second over shook the Old Man more than he showed. He was fifty-six then, and Cotter was as fast as anyone we have seen since the last war. Well I recall the invitation to "come and have a look at this 'un," when next morning W. G. was changing for the fray. Never before or since have I seen the equal, either in size or varied hue, of that bruise. Larger than a cheese-plate, it had a Turneresque effect. Many a younger man would have taken a day off for it, but not so this invincible and massive old giant. He just carried on. That game was memorable for M. A. Noble, who captained for Joe Darling, leaving the Gentlemen, when he declared, with over 600 to get in under three hours.

We used to have some merry nets at those April practices. With Billy Murdoch about anything else was impossible. At one of them Billy arrived with a blown thrush's egg in his handkerchief. This he had looted from a nest when walking up from the Penge entrance. "Bill Grace," said he, in a husky whisper, "hide this in your locker, and we'll present it to the first cove that makes a 'duck.'" W. G. at once agreed. Enter the Surrey XI three weeks later, and Grace, winning the toss, took Murdoch in with him. In the first over,

Grace having got off the mark, bang went Billy's pulpit and Lockwood had added another wicket to his bag. Of course, Billy had forgotten all about that egg, but W. G. had not, and there was a cheery presentation ceremony during which Billy's eyes loomed larger than ever.

Charlie Townsend and "Razor" Smith were two others who were at some of the practices. When the weather was bad an indoor wicket was rigged up in a basement of the Palace itself, and it was there I saw Townsend bowl the Old Man first ball. Coming up as though to deliver the leg break for which he was so justly famous and with which he once did the hat-trick in a first-class county match, Townsend changed his spin at the last instant and sent down an off break on the middle stump of the length at which the old boy had to feel forward, allowing for leg break on the matting. Down went the leg-peg, amid suitable chaffings and cheers.

"Razor" played a lot for London County, so much so that he enjoys the—I believe—unique distinction of having played for the club in two matches on the same day, both, to the best of my recollection, won. As W. G. found himself a bit short of bowling he sent "Razor" to the out match with a chit to the captain to put the others in, i.e. matter what the wicket was like, let "Razor" bowl them out, and then send him back to the Palace. For the plot really to succeed either W. G. had to win the toss at the Palace, or, before the toss, to start judicious propaganda that the wicket might not be quite so good as it looked, hoping that the visitors would, if they won the toss, put London County in. The Old Man settled matters by winning the toss and batting until he saw "Razor" arriving at the pavilion with a 7 for 30 something in his bag. He then cried "enough," and carried on the good work with Smith to take such wickets as he himself failed to get.

It is not easy to explain here what a great bowler "Razor" was. He is certainly, in my opinion, the best bowler of slow medium type who did not play for England, next to him coming W. E. Astill, of Leicester. His is the classic instance of how to set a short-leg field and how to bowl to it. I, at all events, have never seen its like. There was none of the modern waste of time setting three or four short-legs and bowling obviously. "Razor" relied on one short-leg, and a pretty good one at that—Hitch. Only occasionally, at his



"RAZOR" SMITH IN ACTION

chosen moment, did he pitch the off-break somewhere about middle-and-leg or leg-stump, just the right length and pace to make the short-leg chance the most likely result. As his off-break action was virtually the same as the one with which he pitched on the leg stump and hit, or just missed the top of the off stump, well, no wonder "c. Hitch" looms large in keen old "Razor's" grand record.

In 1905 Smith played in only one of the two games with the Australians, taking 6 for 27 in their first innings of over 300, and 6 for 97 in the second. Incidentally, he also took a thank-offering of £55 collected round the ground, plus a tenner from his captain, Lord Dalmeny. King George V and the Prince of Wales watched part of that match. I remember this bowling feat because "Razor" started with an l.b.w., bowling round the wicket, against left-hander Clem Hill. I recall, too, that he took six of the last seven wickets.

Four years later against the Australians he got exactly the same bag, 12 for 124, with 7 for 70 and five out of the six that fell for 54. My memory tells me that he bagged Victor Trumper twice, the first time st. Strudwick, o. Owing, however, to our bickerings with the Hun, I am separated from my books of reference, so I cannot vouch for the double. The year 1910 was "Razor's" best—247 for 13 runs apiece, with 230 of these in championship matches.

After being missed first ball he made 126 and shared in the last wicket record in the West Indies. For Surrey II v. Bucks he made 201 run out. I remember his telling me of his "contract" with W. G. to play for London County. It was so typical of the Old Man. "You will get 35 bob a week in the summer and 25 in the winter, and do what you're told. Yrs ffy W. G. GRACE."

W. G. is always the hub round which my memories of cricket first revolve. Some day perhaps the opportunity may occur for me to tell of the tragedy which is on the records as "W. G. Grace, run out, o." And it was a first-baller! Few indeed of the millions who saw him play can say they watched that happen. But then few indeed are the cricket records in which he was not concerned.



THE PRINCE OF WALES WITH W. G. GRACE IN 1911

A GREAT WINE MERCHANT

CHARLES WALTER BERRY.

By STEPHEN GWYNN

A GOOD wine merchant, like a good bookseller, is priceless; and every customer who entered the old shop of Berry Brothers at the bottom of St. James's Street found there a man who knew the whole range of wines, not in a catalogue but as a real book-lover knows books. There was also a stock-in-trade of amazing richness; and no matter how small the order, the same genial courtesy. One of my younger relatives whom I sent there came back astonished and delighted that she could get her modest requirements in sherry not only better but cheaper than at the pub where she had dealt before. In fact the old-fashioned plainness which kept the boarded floor as it was in the eighteenth century is not an affectation; nobody ever could convey more perfectly than Charles Walter Berry that it was "a pleasure to serve you." So it was; he knew that what he was selling was good stuff or he would not keep it; and every sale helped his mission. For when one got behind the merchant, there was a man with a mission seeking to spread everywhere appreciation of the virtues of wine. He not only believed that wine was good for man's health (needless to say, he despised the sot) but that to enjoy it was like the enjoyment of art or letters, an experience which mellowed and enriched the nature. Enjoyment must come through education, and education through enjoyment; no man of his time in these islands did more to diffuse both.

One soon forgot the wine merchant in the man—not that they were really separate, any more than a painter or writer can be separated from his work. But knowing Berry made me realise what a romantic creature may exist in the skin of a London citizen, outwardly just like some half-million others who go home each evening by suburban trains; and at first I thought it fantastic that his civic thighs should have been crimsoned in the wine-press. Later, I saw that to take a hand in this old usage was part of the adventure of being a wine merchant. That had many aspects—such as the hunt through the Charente for the little owners who at times produce a brandy which not even the great firms can quite equal, and then cling to the casks in which it reposes, decade after decade, steadily going up in price. But the French law of inheritance which forces division gives would-be buyers a chance, and now and then some one of the marked men may be induced to part with the treasure—housed in something no better than a cattle shed. One vast haul came to Berry in his last years—some ninety casks of brandy so hoarded, all of it made before the phylloxera



THE GEORGIAN HOUSE ON A BY-STREAM OF THE KENNET

period, and some of it already almost ninety years old. For such brandy veneration was the only word to express his feeling; yet he did not attach to it the mystical virtues which he gave to Tokay Essence. As a wine, it never gave me pleasure, but Berry believed firmly that it would "unscrew the coffin lid."

Apparently it did something of the kind for him when the last war took him into adventure alien to his business. Too old to be called up, he was determined to be in it, and through some of his friends got taken on as groundsman at a ballooning centre. There he went on from strength to strength till one day he was in a sausage over the British lines, telephoning passionately to put the battery behind him on to a concentration of Germans which he had spotted. But at the same moment the officer in charge of the balloon was telling him to jump, as a German plane was machine-gunning them. In eagerness to finish his message he held on to the telephone and, when the jump came, found the flex caught round his throat. "That's torn it," he said to himself, expecting

to be hanged much higher than Haman, but the cord broke and his parachute landed him safely, suffering only from a slightly broken neck; and the flask of tokay in his back pocket dealt with that. Ballooning remained an adventure and a sport after the war. He never tried aviation, but during the Spanish campaign against the Riffs he went to Spain with Warner Allen, one of the pressmen who wrote of wine with knowledge. Since Allen was then foreign editor of the *Daily Telegraph*, they got a promise of a passage to the fighting zone, but this failed. Berry, however, bribed some aviator to fly him across in the most rickety of old machines, and in this he reconnoitred both the Spanish and the rebel lines.

In later years, his more peaceful adventure was an excursion into writing. He had always an indulgence for us of that craft, chiefly because he had been at school with E. V. Lucas and remained always a devoted friend and admirer. It was lucky for me, since, a few minutes after our acquaintance began, we fell to talk of E. V., whom I also remembered very far back. Berry was attempting (no small task) to complete a collection of E. V.'s published works, and it was a keen satisfaction when I unearthed among my papers some old squib which was among the missing items.

It was never clear to me how much he was a reader, but he loved to be surrounded with volumes written by his friends. I should put it that he loved print; and when Michael Sadleir proposed to him that he should set down some of his own wisdom, the lure caught. What he wrote had no value as writing; but it got his opinions on record, and anyone interested in wine will always find interest in them. If he could only have managed to put himself on paper!—but nothing of the charm gets there, and curiously little of anything that is not strictly business. The last of his books, *In Search of Wine*, records a professional tour through France in which his companion was Mr. Gerald Kelly (how I have envied that companion); but if he saw anything through the eyes of an excellent painter, it never got on to the page. This book and *Viniana* helped in the propaganda which was the real work of his life—but only to an infinitesimal degree compared with his personal radiation, exercised every time that he talked to any customer, but above all in his amazing hospitality. The wine trade believes in hospitality; scores of us who have gone, for instance, to Bordeaux have been most lavishly entertained; and very pleasant it was; but neither there nor anywhere have I seen anything like the genial glow



THE SHOP IN ST. JAMES'S STREET

which Berry diffused when he was dispensing the hospitality of his cellar—let the occasion be big or little. Little, was when a visitor or two lunched with members of the firm in a small room behind the shop; big, when we were brought upstairs into the long room where a table with easy seating for twenty guests was set out; and before each place was ranged an imposing row of white glasses shining like Horace's Bandusian fount. All sorts of people used to be there; it was the only place where I ever met Mr. Anthony Eden and, characteristically enough, no one told me who he was until he had gone away. The fare would always be of the best and simplest English—but better not dwell on that now!—and sometimes the wines would vary in kind. Yet oftenest, for purposes of education, we got the chance to compare half a dozen vintages of claret, or burgundy, or hock, and so on. One singularity about Berry was his devotion to purely natural wines and comparative disesteem for those which all other English wine merchants seem to regard as alone worth drinking—port and champagne.

He knew all wines; but I should say that his choice in white would be moselle—shall I ever forget the bottle (his last bottle) of a 1921 that he brought out for two of us in his home at Surbiton; the name escapes me, but the fragrance and the freshness are present to my sense. Among the red, he venerated chiefly the great bordeaux, but could never be persuaded that any growth equalled those before the phylloxera. When last I dined in state there, we drank three first-rate clarets of this century; then (in that order) an 1870 la Tour and an 1864 Laffitte; and the mounting climax was maintained.

My last recollections are more intimate.

When he gave up the Surbiton home, he acquired an old and charming mill with the Georgian house belonging to it on the Holy Brook which is a by-stream of the Kennet. Muirhead Bone has preserved an image of this abode, where Berry indulged the last of all his passions. I had not known him for an angler; nor was he of the kind to which I belong. But when two of us went down there to share his sport, we saw him issue forth in the morning with neat breeches of some dark cloth, black gaiters and a suit of suitable colour, and I knew for the first time what Izaak Walton looked like; so completely he was the London citizen, so completely the angler of Izaak's clan. Not for him flies, dry or wet, but the bobbing float with gentle or worm attached; or, for the big barbel which lay below the mill race, a chunk of some special cheese. There were pike, of course, and he caught them, one way or another; there were shoals of roach with grayling among them, and these I tried to catch in the great tree-shaded pool into which half of the Holy Brook plunges down, leaving the other half to go on and drive the mill. This swirling water tempted bathers; but chiefly it was sacred to the Waltonians. The last day I was there, answering his invitation to share a bottle, I tried again for the grayling; then we went in, and I heard that he had the very thing for me—a red wine made for his own use by a marquis who owns most of the famous Mont-rachet vineyard, but vintages this for his own household. It is wholly outside of commerce, but Berry when visiting Meursault and Mont-rachet had been presented with a case. On that soil famous for France's best white wines, the red grape yielded something quite different from the choice growths of either Côte de Beaune or Côte de Nuits; it recalled the best

Beaujolais I ever drank, but had a force and a perfume which no Fleurie of Morgau ever attained. After that I was in no humour for exertion; we repaired to the pool, Berry sat in a deck-chair on one side of it, another on the opposite bank for me, and a rod complete with float and worm for each. So provided, I settled myself down into the radiant sunshine of last August; and for the first and only time, slept with a fishing-rod in my hand.

Once or twice since then I have looked in at St. James's Street; but the memory on which my mind will always rest is of that radiant afternoon by plashing swirling water under great willows and poplars in the company of a man I loved, who had delighted to give me that day a rare and exquisite luxury which probably no one else in England possessed.

Death must have marked him among his trees and by those waters; for he died in a nursing home at Reading, ending a life whose guiding principles were generosity and kindness. He was none the less a sound business man, with taste and knowledge to direct his buying, but shrewd enough in striking a bargain. Yet another aspect was revealed to me when the only rich man among my intimates wrote to me that my friend Berry had been "behaving like a three-tailed bashaw." A large consignment of old port delivered in Scotland had somehow gone wrong, and Berry promptly took back the lot. My friend had made his fortune in business, and knew well when a trader pushed scruple beyond usual limits. Berry told me, rather ruefully, that it had cost him seventy pounds; but as to considering that in comparison with the credit of his firm, it certainly would never have entered his mind. Merchant he was, and the best kind of merchant; but above all, I never knew a better gentleman.

OUR PREHISTORIC ANCESTORS

Reviewed by T. D. KENDRICK

Prehistoric England, by Grahame Clark. (Batsford, 8s. 6d.)

PREHISTORY is a comparatively young science, and it is only lately that it has, so to speak, possessed its own public. Its great men were hard at work in the second half of the nineteenth century, but few outside the small band of pioneers realised that discoveries were being made about the remote past of this country that were almost as startling and as interesting as those achieved in the laboratories of the physicist and the chemist and in the workshops of the engineer. It was not that prehistory was denied a hearing as a science. The absorbing subject of evolution brought the Stone Age into focus as a field of enquiry of critical importance; celebrated professional geologists were involved, and Huxley was a friend. Prehistory's handicap was simply that it seemed new and was therefore very slowly recognised as worthy of general attention. A to G were the letters representing the sections of the British Association, and the newcomer H, Anthropology, which includes prehistory, does not appear as a separate entity until 1884. Nobody in the early days seems to have grasped the enormous potential importance of prehistoric research as a matter of common interest, as the marvellously enlarged knowledge of everybody's past. Late Victorian and Edwardian schools certainly knew next to nothing about it. The Universities regarded it as just a hobby of the older dons. The Society of Antiquaries on the whole preferred Limoges caskets to flint implements.

It was not until after the last war that prehistorians, as the well deserved reward of their fine achievements, began to receive the serious attention of the general public. And they will not deny that this public, aroused and interested, gave them very generous support. You do not have to possess degrees or long and elaborate training before being allowed to assist at excavations or to help in collecting and classifying prehistoric antiquities; and so a great number of people were quickly enabled to take an active part in the researches that they found in progress on all sides. As the number of these helpers increased, so did the membership of the archaeological societies expand and so did the general audience of the prehistorians grow larger and larger.

There was a real awakening of interest on a big scale, and with it came a corresponding demand for digestible information. But here it must be admitted that the archaeologists, embarrassed by the pressure of work and the complicated abundance of results, disappointed their new public. Thus there was until recently no such thing as a sound, reasonably up-to-date and easily comprehensible text-book of British prehistory, and it is therefore an important thing that at last a young archaeologist, himself deeply involved in the utmost intricacies of specialised research, has given us a book addressed to the lay reader that fairly and fully summarises the present state of our knowledge of prehistoric England. In every line of the book it is apparent that Dr. Grahame Clark speaks with the authority of a trained archaeologist completely master of his subject; but he has kept to his task of showing us in simple terms where we stand, and he writes not as an arch-priest darkly hinting at the inscrutable nature of the mysteries over which he presides, but as a friendly person anxious to show how sensible and exciting it all is.

The result, of course, is a very good book. There is one difficult and highly compressed chapter at the beginning in which a time-scale is established and the main succession of our prehistoric populations set forth. But, this done, Dr. Clark takes prehistoric England as we find it, and tells us the significance of the surviving antiquities, which he does by answering the questions: how did our prehistoric ancestors live, how did they get their food, where were their homes, what could they make, what could they grow, where did they worship, what did they believe, and where and how were they buried? He takes us far beyond the ordinary conception of prehistory as either an array of stone and bronze implements and primitive pottery in a museum or of barrows and camps in the field. His eye is always on the people, on their domestic and economic problems, and on their wars and on their religions. Thus while he guides us in the museum, explaining how the crafts progress and what the "type-fossils" are, so that we can recognise a chipped flint hand-axe, a polished flint axe, a socketed bronze axe, a beaker, a food-vessel, and a golden "lunula," he is nevertheless careful to emphasise that these things are nothing more than minor equipment

and not the main content of our past; and he searches for all the evidence we possess of the "perishables" that accompanied them, and he tries to picture early man, thus equipped, occupying our country and busy with his hunting, his mining for flint, his metallurgical experiments, his agriculture, and his wars.

It is, indeed, the prehistoric countryside that emerges most conspicuously and most convincingly from this account. The hill-forts and hut-circles and the flint-mines and the sacred sites and the barrows are the main stuff of the book; and they are most admirably illustrated. Here Dr. Clark owes an acknowledged debt to the brilliant air-photographs taken by the late Major G. W. G. Allen; Avebury and Silbury Hill, the Uffington White Horse, the Berkshire Ridgeway, Maiden Castle (eastern entrance), and the barrows on Snail Down, Tidworth, as taken by Major Allen, make memorable photographs. There is no other way of picturing the vast works of early man in England so that they appear not merely as subjects for archaeological enquiry, but as an integral part of the land we have inherited.

The pictures reveal the greatness of their subjects, and it is to the credit of Dr. Clark that his text handles them as bravely as his photographs. They are not swallowed up in the abstruse minutiae of excavation reports, but brought boldly into a general picture as the works of peoples whose age and habits we are beginning to understand. Throughout the whole of the book, Dr. Clark has seen the point of good illustrations, and his choice of plates gives us a fine and varied picture of our prehistoric antiquities and monuments and works of art. In short, the book is a good all-round guide, and it is pre-eminently a just one. Dr. Clark does not press any theory unfairly, and he shows himself admirably tolerant of all reasonable attempts to solve our numerous still inexplicable problems. His book emphatically dispels the unhappy notion that the study of prehistory has become difficult, and is now the closed province of specialists. It is *your* land, this book says, and these antiquities are *your* possessions; and there is no branch of prehistoric research in which a common understanding of them will not contribute towards the completion of the astonishing picture of England's past that so far has been only sketched in outline.

THE RIVER OF THE FISH



THE MOUTH OF THE EASKY WITH THE REMAINS OF STRONGBOW'S CASTLE. Circa 1171

THE very idea of virgin salmon and sea-trout water in the British Isles at the present time savours of the ridiculous, yet this was really an accurate description of the River Easky in County Sligo until a very few years ago. The lower pools by the village had doubtless been fished by the local inhabitants for time out of mind. From before the dawn of history the Easky must have been noted for the number of its salmon and white trout since the name in Erse means literally "The river of the fish."

My introduction to the Easky came about in rather an unusual way. The writing of books on fishing is not the quickest way to fortune, but it does bring compensations at times in other ways. One day late in June I received a letter which began:

"I feel I must write and tell you how much I enjoyed your book on salmon fishing . . . it is everything a book ought to be. Your views and mine coincide so completely that there is nothing I should like so much as to meet you, and I wondered if you would care to come over here next month and fish my river?" Then followed a description of the Easky, and, to cut a long story short, I arrived a few days later and stayed for a most enjoyable fortnight as the guest of Colonel and Mrs. Prioleau in the charming house, Fortland, close to Easky village, and on the banks of the river.

The previous owner of Fortland neither fished himself nor allowed others to do so. He let the fresh-water netting rights, which accounted for an average of some 400 salmon and in good years ran up to over 800. The sea nets usually catch about one thousand salmon: but there are a great many days when the sea is too rough, or there is too much swell, for them to work, and they do not constitute a menace to the river. The first thing Colonel Prioleau did was to buy off the river nets, and the next to undertake an extensive campaign of bank clearing and river improvement.

Much of the work was not merely bush cutting and trimming: it meant felling forest trees thirty to forty feet in height and eighteen inches in diameter. I saw a stretch of river which has not yet been tackled, and the water is practically invisible

owing to the denseness of the vegetation. As well as opening up the water Colonel Prioleau has started improving some of the pools with croys, and while I was there the first fish was caught in one of the new pools which had been transformed from a shallow run into good holding water by two croys at the tail—a great triumph and encouragement.

The Easky is one of the most attractive rivers I have ever seen. It runs through solid limestone in a series of terraces separated by falls and deep pools which tend to hold up flood water so that it does not run off nearly so quickly as in the usual spate river of the west of Ireland. One pool, the Gut, just below the falls at Fortland Bridge, is not more than about twelve feet wide: another close by, called The Laundry, is 280yds. long with an average width of nearly twenty yards, a gargantuan pool for a small river. The Nursery Pool, above the iron bridge, is another big one, and there is such infinite diversity of water that the river is never completely out of order. In low water the narrow guts and pool-heads always hold possibilities, while in the biggest floods the Laundry and Nursery are still fishable.

Higher up the river, above and below the bridge near the workhouse, which stands stark and gaunt, roofless and burned out in "the Troubles," when it was used as a barracks by the "Black and Tans," there is some very attractive water. "Handley's Falls" is an astonishing pool to find on a small river: one might well be somewhere on the Usk or Upper Wye.

The many falls have the effect of slowing down the upward path of the fish, and salmon do not as a rule reach the higher waters until September, although the river is quite a short one, nineteen miles from Easky Lough, where it rises, to the sea, in which distance it falls some 600ft. The Lough is well stocked

with brown trout running about four to the pound, but is inaccessible to migratory fish owing to a high fall. This is really all to the good, since a lake at the head of a short river usually results in the fish running through the lower pools too quickly. Above the Fortland water, three miles on both banks, the river is vested in the Land Commission and the fishing is free. It is, however, very little fished except in spate time, when the farmers make big baskets of white trout on worm.



THE EASKY RUNS THROUGH A SERIES OF TERRACES SEPARATED BY FALLS

I was unlucky in my weather: Ireland missed nearly all the rain which (it may be remembered) deluged most of England at this time. Two days before I left there was a $2\frac{1}{2}$ ft. flood, and this brought up one of the biggest runs of grilse I have ever seen, and by early August the pools must have been stiff with fish.

Salmon begin to appear in May, but the first good run is in June. July usually sees a big influx of grilse, and the best months are July, August and September. In 1938, the first year Colonel Prioleau had the water, which was a very bad salmon year all over Ireland, fifty-four salmon were killed in the Easky: a good season would see this figure easily doubled.

There are three distinct runs of sea trout. In late May come what are called locally "the spring trout," weighing up to 5 lb. with very few under 2 lb. That year thirty-three were killed one day, and only five were less than 2 lb. Towards the end of June there is a run of small sea trout or large herling averaging a pound or a bit more, and then in July the hordes of herling of 8-12 oz. Just before I arrived there had been a small flood and forty-five were caught in the day, and in 1936 two local rods fishing one of the sea pools had exactly one hundred between 10 p.m. and 3 a.m. one night.

As well as the fishing at one's door in the Easky, Fortland is within a short run by car of Loughs Conn and Cullen, noted for big trout and pike. I am told that all the fresh-water netting in the Moy was soon to be stopped. This accounts for an average of 6,000 salmon annually, and all these now have free passage into the lakes, so that the fishing ought to improve out of all knowledge.

The sea fishing at Easky is excellent: we had thirty-one mackerel and half a dozen pollack whiffing in a couple of hours one evening, and the pollack run big, eight and ten pounders being quite common. Achill Island, famous for its big-game fishing for sharks and other leviathans, is only three hours by car.

For the women and children, and those who feel like taking it easy, there is an amusing method of fishing at the falls by Fortland Bridge. Salmon and white trout work up to the foot and while in the white water may be caught with a fat lobworm.

Then in time of flood there is a great institution called "Mrs. Guinness's Hole." Through the ages a basin has been eroded in the solid limestone half way down the Gut. This is above water until the river rises in flood: but as soon as a spate comes down white trout gather here to escape the enormous rush of water through the narrow channel. Family parties surround the basin,

A COUNTRYWOMAN'S DIARY

*Owing to circumstances beyond our control
Miss Delafield's weekly article is held over until
next week.*

each member armed with rod and line, the bait a fat worm. Directly a fish is hooked there is huge commotion. Everyone but the fortunate angler hastily removes his or her worm until the captive is led out into the stream and dealt with. Last year a sea trout took the worms on two rods. Sometimes the fun is fast, furious and hilarious.

In winter Fortland provides really good snipe and rough shooting. While motoring about Colonel Prioleau repeatedly pointed out to me good snipe bogs, and I happened to ask the acreage of his shooting. He laughed. "I really don't know exactly: but it's somewhere between 150,000 and 200,000 acres, I believe." I could only gasp in reply. In the winter of 1938-39, when much of the ground was still an unknown quantity, the bag consisted of 1,656 head, of which 1,215 were snipe. The rest was made up of white-fronted geese, duck (six species), golden and green plover, curlew, hares and a few pheasants, rabbits and pigeons.

Fortland is now being run as a guest-house, and in normal times, when a man of moderate means, whose holiday time is limited, finds fishing and shooting increasingly difficult to obtain, it will obviously fill a real want and deserve every encouragement.

WEST COUNTRY.

BAD WORDS

A Golf Commentary by BERNARD DARWIN

MY title has nothing to do with the old and crusted jokes about apoplectic colonels (they would to-day come from Poona) who broke their clubs, laid them on railway lines, or threw them into the sea. No, it refers to the language in which the game of golf is sometimes described. "Hawks dinna pike out hawks' een." I know that from Sir Walter Scott, though I am too lazy to verify my reference. It may be translated, as I assume, that one journalist ought not to abuse another. I must admit that I have sometimes been tempted to break the rule, and I am glad to see that an old friend of mine has done so and in no uncertain terms. This is Mr. O. B. Keeler, so well known as the faithful chronicler of Bobby Jones. He has lately been letting himself go in the *American Golf*, at the expense of the "young irt-squays" who to-day report golf in the United States. Like Mr. Micawber with gowans, I am not exactly aware what irt-squays may be, but it has a satisfying sound and is no doubt a well-deserved term of opprobrium.

What Mr. Keeler complains of is that the young gentlemen try to put over much "colour" and movement into a deliberate game, and they certainly could not be more "colourful" about baseball. Here is a specimen from an account of a match between Miss Patty Berg and Miss Betty Jameson: "Here she cracked the most spectacular shot of the day—a chip in. . . . She aimed for nearly two minutes and then threaded the needle for a birdie three. . . . Betty flipped in three from between 8 and 25 feet out. . . . and came back with her sizzling putter and blistered the out nine with a 3 under 35." Mr. Keeler remarks that he could write like that if he wanted to, since it is childishly easy, and proceeds to show how he would do it: "Straight out of Valhalla, a red-headed Valkyrie named Patty Berg went blazing and shrieking about the Westmorland course to-day, pausing only to dance the can-can on the *disjecta membra* of her totally annihilated adversary." Which do you like best, the real thing or the parody? There does not seem to me much to choose.

I cannot say I feel Mr. Keeler's lash on my own back when I read about all this blistering and blasting and burning up the course, but it reminds me of a gentle piece of criticism I once received. Mr. John Low objected to my calling a match a "fight." That, he implied, was no name to give to a game, however close, between Scottish gentlemen. Perhaps he took rather too high a line. At any rate, I have never been able wholly to follow his advice, but, as a matter of general principle, he was beyond doubt right. "He

over-writes," said Mr. E. V. Lucas to me once about a distinguished describer of games; and, of all games, golf, with its deliberate progress from one situation to another, least lends itself to too violent emotion on the writer's part. Let us as far as lies in us avoid these habits of the young gentlemen tapping out coloured passages on what Mr. Keeler calls their "tripe-writers"!

There is another point on which he wants to get something off his chest. Here I have not nearly such heartfelt sympathy with him, but what he says is interesting, as showing how language can become distorted. He is indignant because the *i t*-squays (I have fallen in love with that word) misuse the term "bogey." They employ it, so it appears, as the converse of "birdie," meaning a hole done in one stroke over the par score as opposed to one under it. I am personally not much fonder of "bogey" than I am of "birdie," which has never taken very fast root over here: but if "bogey" is going to be used, then it may as well be used in its original and traditional sense. Admittedly it is not a satisfactory one, since the Colonel is allowed a certain number of mistakes and the bogey score at some holes is relatively much better than it is at others. Still, it has been in use for some time and has established a prescriptive right to its old meaning. Mr. Keeler tells the—I won't say it again—hat if they want a term opposed to "birdie" they should use "buzzard," but that is one which we have never adopted here and I venture to hope we never shall. It argues a certain poverty of vocabulary to need either the one or the other.

A *propos* of this new meaning for "bogey," another much older and much better word is sometimes misused by American golfers. That is "dormy." I used at one time to be genuinely puzzled by reading that So-and-so was dormy three and then lost the match by 2 and 1. There is surely no excuse here, because the attractiveness and the significance of the word lie in its obvious derivation. The man who is dormy can go to sleep, since he is at least immune from defeat. Use the word the other way round and it is meaningless. However, let me not be too censorious. The other day I was idly re-reading a book of my own, consisting of republished articles (not from COUNTRY LIFE), and there, to my horror, was a sentence in which I had described myself as being "dormy two down." The book has been for ages out of print; eating time has probably made a meal off all copies of it save those that I cherish with a parental affection, and wild horses shall not drag its name from me. My hideous secret is therefore tolerably safe, but still, it is as well to be humble.

THREE COUNTRY BOOKS FOR WAR-TIME READING

VILLAGE life is insulated against the war: it cannot sear into the lives of the countrymen as it does in cities, and the routine continues unchanged, so that London by comparison resembles the sleepless uncertain hours at three in the morning, when small worries are exaggerated to gigantic suicidal nightmares, and existence becomes subjective and unbearable. The country still has its unworried atmosphere, knowing its unchangeability and unconscious of the day when the tube will run to Fotheringay.

Prompted by this spirit, publishers' lists are headed by their country authors, and I also have been introduced to three books, well out of the ordinary run of country literature, published in a uniform edition, which are now added to the backbone of my war-time reading. They are *The Small Years*, by Frank Kendon, *A Small Boy in the Sixties*, by George Sturt, and *Small Talk at Wreyland*, by Cecil Torr (Cambridge Miscellany, 3s. 6d. each). Like many books that rank highest of their genre, they are neglected in favour of more superficial successors; these three have the breath of genius (and I use the word warily), yet I do not think that their authors are well known outside a small circle of devotees, which I myself only joined two weeks ago.

Cecil Torr's family have lived at Wreyland since the thirteenth century, and Wreyland being in Devon, one suspects an intimate connection between the hills and the family, which should establish their integrity without question. Cecil Torr himself was born in 1856, so that if he is still at Wreyland he must be in the mid-eighties, and presents that strange fascination, a direct contact with the past. Near the beginning he writes:

"My father took me to call on an old Mr. Woodlin; and from him I had an account of the fire of London, as he heard from a great-aunt of his; and she heard it from an old lady, who was about ten years old at the time of the fire. But it was only a child's account, dwelling on such things as the quantities of raisins that she ate while they were being saved."

A paragraph of that nature immediately commands respect. Both Cecil Torr's father and his grandfather kept diaries of Wreyland (and when the former went abroad, his diary was kept on a grander scale and circulated round the family), so that there are over 140 years of diary, centuries of legend, of rumour, of people, for Cecil Torr to draw on, and the original *Small Talk* fills three volumes, of which this is a compressed version. The author has the rare knack of an unassuming style, so that his own character is not clear until the end of the book, when the various relevant passages can be summed up and assessed. He writes of the size of libraries, but not of his own—which must be considerable—and of the time families have been settled, but only once does he mention the Torr's.

With his father, however, and grandfather and their relations he lets himself loose, and is expansive. He has an interesting yardstick, as by using the family papers, it is possible to know that if his grandparent made some improvement for a certain sum, its cost at the end of the century can be checked by referring to his father's papers, and then again in his own lifetime. By the end you know him for a scholar of wide and useful learning; and in one of the few references to himself there is this letter from Dr. Butler, his headmaster at Harrow, and at that time the Master of Trinity. "You and Arthur Evans are, I think, the chief antiquarians of our Harrow generation, Hastings Rashdall and Charles Gore our most original theologians, Walter Sichel and George Russell our most fertile writers in general literature." After reading this book I feel sure that Cecil Torr will last longest, for *Small Talk at Wreyland* is a remarkable document; by its own permanence and materialism, it makes itself unforgettable. Its author airs his view with sensible authority, whether on bribery, French prisoners in the Napoleonic Wars, cider, or local government. He has no need to build up an atmosphere of the past, he has it all to hand, and incidents live again by the coolness of his touch and his direct feel for the necessary and elimination of embroidery; there is the old lady who, on the approach of the 1870 Education Act, said it would be horrible if her maids could read, as she would not be able to leave her letters lying about; and the letter from the Duke of Wellington to a husband of Torr's mother's eldest sister. "The Duke of Wellington presents his compliments to Mr. Drummond and has received his letter. The Duke begs leave to inform Mr. Drummond that he is not Commander in Chief of the Army or in political office; he has no Patronage Power or Influence and he has no means whatever at his disposal of forwarding Mr. Drummond's view in any manner." It is in the old Duke's writing, not dictated.

George Sturt comes into rather a different category. In his day he was famous among the few, and a memorial has been erected to him in his village; he died in 1927. By trade a wheelwright, and by profession an author, he wrote slowly and with difficulty, unlike the easy, unhampered style of Cecil Torr. But where Torr's learning was bookish, Sturt tried all his life to get inside the country mentality—the fact that he was a countryman himself was not enough.

"If one could get down to understand village life! I have reached that initiatory stage in which one is convinced of ignorance.

It were almost as easy to write of the Chinese. Yet if only one could! I was counting up last night the elemental tragedy stuff that has occurred in the cottages 100 yards from here since I came."

The Bettesworth Book, which I have just read, is possibly better known than *A Small Boy*, though I do not think it as good; I mention it because Bettesworth was the man who worked in his garden, and Arnold Bennett, who was once asked to meet him (as an honour), says that he was Sturt's hero, and justifiably, while the chief heroine in his life was Mrs. Bettesworth. In this respect his pursuit of knowledge of the labouring class was unceasing; a clergyman who called one of the labourer's stories " quaint " earned his unforgetting contempt, for he was free from all sentimentality, and hated it in others. As I have written, he wrote slowly and conscientiously, but in his prose there is no trace of it. The familiar things of childhood are recalled, and as in the previous book it is documentary rather than imaginative, summoned back from memory to give an objective account of his childhood, not to embellish his personality, which seems to be the main reason for writing of kindergarten days at the moment. Where he wants to describe the Victorian life of Farnham he does so without references to his own stupidity or smartness, and as he writes he takes his place in the family as a small boy, and reproduces it in that proportion. Sturt has a certain raciness which flavours the two books I have read, a propensity for exclamation marks and dashes which one welcomes in recognising that his writing is not entirely free from his era or his speech.

Farnham, now one of Aldershot's less military offshoots, was a busy market town in the 'sixties, with the park looming large in the foreground, the home of the Lord Bishop. In the park George Sturt first tasted the sense that opens to children and sometimes to older people (myself for instance), a vista of unlimited liberty, both physical and mental, where ploys become pleasures, and friends are excluded; every tree or gorse bush becomes an excitement, for almost anything may lurk behind it, a gnome or an oddly shaped stick, preferably the latter. The book ends when its author leaves the kindergarten academy by his own initiative so that he can go to the grammar school where the boys look much tougher and more manly. This book too will live on; the testament of George Sturt, who appears as the Urmensch of the country writers, more questioning than White, and with more to his little finger than any quantity of reproduced dialect.

The third of these books achieves what one is very glad Sturt did not attempt, and could not in fact have written, a subjective dream-like study of childhood; that the Introduction is written by Walter de la Mare may give the clue to its contents, for, though Kendon describes the years at the beginning of awareness as does Sturt, nothing could be more different, nothing less documentary. The book is a fantasy from inside, a grown-up's *Bevis*, reminding me sometimes of *A High Wind in Jamaica*. There is a feeling of complete other-worldliness about it, and it gives the sensation that you are seeing something you want to share because you have got half way there yourself, and there is the bridge that will help you over that last difficult stage. The chief character of this book is his grandfather, who kept the country school where Kendon and his brother lived, and as a piece of characterisation this reconstruction of an austere but kind-hearted grandfather in a child's mind is first-rate; so also the first fishing expedition, where, slightly horrified, they let the fish take half an hour to die. This is the most vivid of the three. I have read and re-read it in the last few days. If these books are old favourites of some they are luckier than I, who have already gone so long without them, but for those who need new reading, these books are unusual and most reasonably priced, and have about them a feeling of permanence that alone can give background to a strained, uncertain mental existence.

RAYMOND ALDERSON.

WHAT IS ENGLAND TO ME?

What is England to me?

A Queen to be served—an adored lover—

An inspiration—a comforting mother,

Her fields and her downs,

Her hamlets and towns,

Are part of my blood—

Familiar yet great;

Magnificence throned

In the homeliest state,

And about her the glint and the sheen of the sea.

What is England to me?

Service and worship, a star and a home.

M. G. MEUGENS.

CORRESPONDENCE

A WAGNER SHRINE

TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."

SIR,—Since music is one of the rare things that transcend nationality and its composers belong to all countries, lovers of music may like to be reminded, even in these days of war, of a house that plays a part in Swiss life rather similar to that filled by your Glyndebourne. It is Tribschen, the villa on the banks of the Lake of Lucerne, where Richard Wagner lived from 1866 to 1872 and composed the "Meistersinger," "Siegfried," and "Götterdämmerung." At Tribschen, too, which he had furnished lavishly in order to receive Cosima, the daughter of Liszt, he spent the happiest period of his life. Among his visitors here were Ludwig II, Prince George of Prussia, Hans von Bulow, Franz Liszt and the Comtesse d'Agoult, and his intimate friend Friedrich Nietzsche, then Professor of Philosophy at Basle, for whom was always reserved a room known as the *Denkstube* (the thinking room). "No one will make me leave here," Wagner used to declare whenever he set foot again in his beloved domain, and it was only to realise his dream Bayreuth

the bird-table near the crab box, and occasionally No. 2 also. No. 3 went on building in that box all day, and at times three tits, probably Nos. 1, 3 and 4, were chasing each other and two of them were fighting; usually No. 1 watched No. 3 building, but sometimes followed and chased her when she was fetching nesting material. No. 1 was still feeding his mate, No. 2, near the back nesting-box. In the evening we saw No. 2 go to the crab nesting-box and look in; later, another tit, No. 3, came out of it. After dark I looked at the crab nesting-box and found the nest partly built.

On May 6th No. 1 again spent most of the day on the bird-table near the crab box, though he still fed his mate, No. 2; but little building by No. 3 went on. At night a tit, probably No. 3, was roosting in the box.

On May 7th we saw two tits fighting near the crab box, and No. 1 constantly looked into the box. At 9.15 p.m. a tit, probably No. 3, was again roosting in it. On May 8th Nos. 1 and 2 were about the crab nesting-box, which contained one egg, but Nos. 3 and 4 were not seen: no further building went on, and the nest was deserted.

This looks like a case of attempted polygamy by No. 1 (cock)

as regards No. 3 (hen), but that this was resented by No. 4 (cock) and also by No. 3, as she gave up building. The attitude of No. 2 seems doubtful: was she complaisant or antagonistic? It is amusing (or painful!) to note that No. 1 continued to feed No. 2, while at the same time paying attention to No. 3.—E. W. HENDY.

A LONDON WINDMILL

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—It is indeed a refreshing sight to discover this old windmill situated in surprisingly rural-looking surroundings in Cornwall Road, only a few yards from the busy Brixton Hill. However, of late years it has been rather neglected, and the sweeps are gone, although the building is still used, but as a saw-mill now. It seems a pity that this relic of London's bygone countryside should be allowed to decay, as only one other windmill remains in the metropolis. This is on Wimbledon Common, and was lately used as the headquarters of a London athletic club.—P. H. LOVELL.

IN AN OXFORDSHIRE CHURCH

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—There are many interesting things to be seen in Hampton Poyle Church, near Oxford. In the north arcade is the remarkable capital shown in the photograph. It consists of



AT HAMPTON POYLE

very quaintly carved heads in hoods with interlacing arms. Nicely carved bench-ends and a fine brass dated 1424 are other objects of more than passing interest.—J. ROBINSON.

SPHAGNUM FOR DRESSINGS

TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."

SIR,—This product of our moors and hills has been extensively used by gardeners in the cultivation of orchids, and in many cases as a constituent in the compost for alpinists which require a constant supply of moisture in the soil. A case in point is *Gentiana Farreri*. The best display of this I have been privileged to see was in the vicinity of Glasgow, and sphagnum composed half of its compost. Its absorbent and medicinal qualities are also known to the medical profession, and during the last War it was largely used as a dressing and for other purposes in hospitals, and as it is sure to be in demand again this note will, I hope, be of service. I do not know whether in all cases it was dried before cleaning, but in many cases which came under my notice it was occasioning a very considerable waste of material. If squeezed as dry as possible and then spread out on a table, it can be cleaned of grass and other foreign matter, and if dried thereafter there is no waste, while if dried first it is so brittle that it falls to dust in the picking. In preparing it for surfacing orchids, gardeners pick it clean and then wash it, as orchids are most particular as to cleanliness, and for surgical dressings equal care should be taken. Several haulage companies have in certain districts offered to carry it free to the women's working parties which voluntarily prepare it, and I think most of them will be glad to know how they can make the most of it.—J. HILL.



WAGNER'S VILLA, ON THE LAKE OF LUCERNE

that he finally abandoned this "dear place of happy memories."

The villa then passed through many changes of ownership, falling at last into oblivion and decay until, in 1933, on the initiative of the municipality of Lucerne and a Wagner association, it was opened as a Wagner museum. Those responsible, however, have successfully avoided the "museum atmosphere," concentrating rather on re-creating the spirit of an inhabited house. Everything with a bearing on Wagner or associated with his life here has been brought together—pictures, sculpture, photographs of his family and circle. An outstanding possession is the Erard grand piano on which Wagner and Liszt often played their works. A number of showcases contain precious autographical material, including the score of the "Siegfried Idyll," composed at Tribschen in homage—and as a Christmas present—to Cosima.

A room on the first floor is set aside for the use of members of the Wagner family, who frequently pay more or less prolonged visits to the scene of their youth. In the summer of 1938 an unforgettable concert was held in the little park surrounding the villa—the culminating event of the Lucerne International Music Weeks—when Toscanini conducted one of the finest Swiss orchestras through a programme comprising Mozart, Beethoven, and the Idyll that was composed here sixty-nine years before.—ARNO HUTH.

A BLUE TIT SCANDAL?

TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."

SIR,—Two blue tits, No. 1 (cock) and No. 2 (hen), ringed by me with coloured rings, mated last spring and nested in a box at the back of our house. On May 4th No. 2 was sitting on seven eggs. The same day No. 1 was constantly on a bird-table near another nesting-box attached to a crab apple tree at the front of our house. Another tit (No. 3), presumably a female (subsequently discovered to be unringed), was taking nesting material to this box; yet another tit, No. 4, presumably a cock, twice came to the crab nesting-box, but was driven off once by No. 1, and once by No. 1 and No. 2.

On May 5th No. 1 was again constantly on



RURAL BRIXTON



THE SUNDIAL OF QUEEN ELIZABETH'S FAVOURITE, BISHOP DOVE

BISHOP DOVE'S SUNDIAL AT UPTON, NORTHAMPTONSHIRE

SIR,—This unique sundial, dating from the time of Charles I, is in a paddock adjoining the old manor house at Upton, near Peterborough, at one time the home of the Dove family.

Bishop Dove was a great favourite of Queen Elizabeth, and was known as "The Dove with the silver wings," such was his eloquence.

His crest, a dove within a circlet formed by a snake swallowing its own tail, also earned him the reputation of being "as wise as a serpent and as gentle as a dove."

The beauty of this sundial contrasts strangely with its isolation, but it is visited annually by many people who delight in seeking out such treasures in out-of-the-way places.

There are four sides, each cut into various forms for showing the hours of the day. Many of the markings on the sundial have been defaced by time and the rubbing of cattle, but a few remain to record time with remarkable fidelity. It is said by experts that this sundial is the most scientific time-teller of its period that is known.—L. TEBBUTT, *St. Paul's Street, Stamford.*

AN ANCIENT RURAL CRAFT

SIR,—I was very much interested in your article on Ancient Crafts, on Feb. 22, and also in the letter in your correspondence column on April 5, about Churchwarden Pipes.



BESOM MAKERS AT THEIR CRAFT

Besom-making is an ancient rural craft of the Wyre Forest Country and is still being carried on; there is plenty of demand for these besoms, as they are used in gardens, and in steel works.—M. WHITCOMBE, *Bewdley, Worcs.*

A CATTLE LANE IN THE WIRRAL

SIR,—The photograph which I send you is perhaps unique, as it depicts, not, as might be imagined, land that has been at one time ploughed, but curiously regular transverse corrugations in a cattle lane in the Wirral, Cheshire, made and perpetuated by the continual movement of large herds.

I have seen many cattle lanes in various parts of the country, but in none have I observed these particularly stressed and permanent formations (for they never disappear); nor can I find anyone else who has.

The lane in which the marks appear is of considerable length and the corrugations are most prominent in a sunken section which has the characteristic of becoming quickly very wet and muddy, and as equally rapidly dry. It would seem therefore that the ridges, formed possibly scores of years ago, have been perpetuated and intensified at the intermediate state of "half muddiness" when the hoofs of the cattle always slip down into the hollows, the weight of the body not being taken till the hoofs are in the depression. Thus it might be said that the cattle never walk on the tops of the ridges but always in the muddy depressions, so ever tending to emphasise and deepen them.

It would be interesting to know if this ridging does take place in other parts of the country, or whether, owing to some characteristic of the upper strata in this lane, this is an entirely individual case.—H. A. ROBINSON, *7, Wilton Road, Rock Ferry, Cheshire.*

WORKERS FROM GERMANY

SIR,—With regard to the interesting article on Norman Shaw in your issue of March 15, and the earlier correspondence on craftsmen and the City churches, I must dissent, very emphatically, from the suggestion that we possess no craftsmen capable of carrying out such restoration work.

Had your correspondents on the latter subject ever visited the stone-working or joinery establishments of any of the foremost London contractors during peace-time, I believe they would have seen sufficient to convince them of the truth of my contention.

I would not be so foolhardy as to suggest uniform, invariable excellence for all the present-day craftsmen, but the same could be said of any period, and also of the modern Germans and Italians. Yet I do assert that the first-class craftsman, capable of the highest degree of accomplishment, is as existent in this country to-day as he was in the time of Wren, and evidence is not wanting to support the assertion.

Do not let us allow our judgment on this important issue to be in the least affected by any

notions of "good work" that have come to be accepted by an uninformed and indiscriminating public! Your contributors must know that in these islands, in spite of the preponderance of bad building and design, there is the small but potent margin which has contributed outstanding examples of architecture worthy of our great traditions of native master-builder and craftsman of the past; and these are by no means negligible in number, nor could they have been accomplished had there not been the essential craftsmen! We may justly deplore the fact that their effect upon building work has been lamentably small, but I am confident that if the public conscience could be awakened to the need for improvement, efforts would not be defeated by an absence of craftsmen.

Given reasonable conditions, the small existing force could be expanded, and we could develop our native architecture at its best, amply upheld by our native



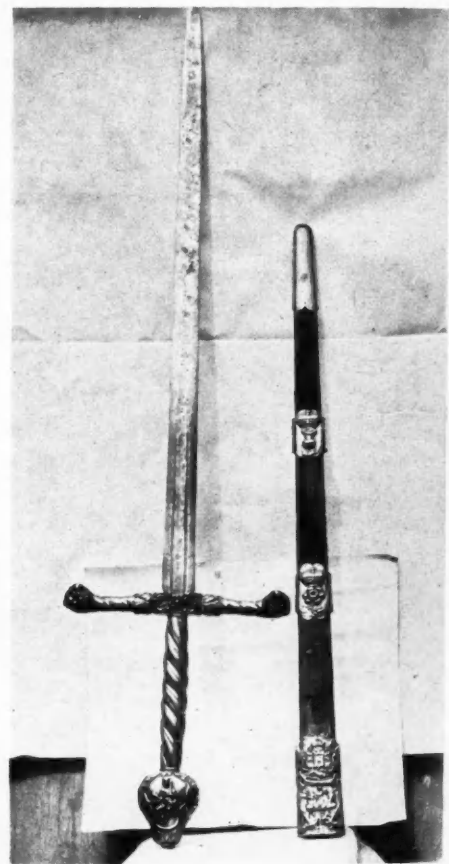
A ROAD SURFACE MADE BY THE FEET OF CATTLE

workmanship at its best.—GEOFFREY W. K. PITTER, *52, Orchards Way, Highfield, Southampton.*

[Our correspondent, in alluding to the article on Norman Shaw, presumably has in mind Mr. Falkner's plea for the greater use, as exemplified by Shaw, of craftsmen. The difficulty envisaged as regards the reconstruction of the City churches is not so much a shortage of craftsmen as of craftsmen trained and accustomed to work in the Wren and Grinling Gibbons tradition. If enough of the latter do exist, well and good. But an expert on Jacobethan detail or modern abstract sculpture might, at best, labour under difficulties in rendering Carolean foliage.—ED.]

THE SWORD OF CARMARTHEN

SIR,—The State sword of Carmarthen in war-time is carried unsheathed before the Mayor. It dates from the reign of Henry VIII and is mentioned in the charter that he gave, in the following words:



THE SWORD WITH WHICH HENRY VIII HONOURED CARMARTHEN

"Carmarthen shall have a sword and a sword-bearer as is the custom in our city of London." Carmarthen is the only Welsh town to be so honoured. The double-edged Ferrara blade is sheathed in a crimson velvet-covered scabbard with gilt lockets, and the carved wooden rest in which it is kept is inscribed "John Lewis, Mayor. 1724."—M. W.

WATER-DIVINING

SIR,—An estate agent in Hampshire used for water-divining a whalebone from an old-fashioned pair of lady's stays and was most efficient with it! In reply to the letter (March 15) on this subject may I say that his reason was that it was so easy to carry curled up in his pocket. If one has "the gift," it appears that almost anything responds!—P.

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THE ESTATE MARKET

THORNEY ABBEY HOUSE BOUGHT BY LORD FAIRHAVEN

THORNEY ABBEY HOUSE, commonly called Thorney Abbey, and parkland, and altogether about 670 acres, as well as a couple of farms, at Thorney, Cambridge-shire, together approximately 350 acres, have been bought by Lord Fairhaven, who has in that way added to his previous holdings of land a compact Fenland estate of 1,100 acres. The properties are part of a recent series of purchases by Messrs. Bidwell and Sons' head office at Cambridge.

The Thorney Abbey House acquisition will recall the illustrated article which appeared in COUNTRY LIFE (September 27, 1919, page 392). Therein the house was described as having every appearance of having been designed by John Webb. Small portions only remain of the famous Abbey itself. In the twelfth century Thorney was said to "represent a very paradise, for that in pleasure and delight it resembleth Heaven itself." Dugdale records that the convent owned about 20,000 acres, which with the buildings were granted by Edward VI to John, Earl of Bedford.

This was part of the Great Level, a flourishing tract which in the sixteenth century was allowed to become water-logged through neglect of drainage. Cornelius Vermuyden was brought from Holland to advise about its reclamation in 1630. The fourth Earl of Bedford and others found the money, and within eight years they had spent roundly £100,000. Charles I took over the land, allotting 40,000 acres to the persons who had tried to reclaim the land. The fifth Earl of Bedford, upon his retirement from politics, was found "residing chiefly within his seat at Thorney Abbey within the precincts of the Great Level." The square house, added on to a narrow gabled building of Elizabethan character, is in the style "little used in England before" which is reminiscent of the work of the architect of Thorpe, which dates from about 1653.

The Russell ownership of Thorney Abbey House was spoken of by Mr. H. Avray Tipping in 1919 as then "having recently ceased" and the Thorney Abbey House property as belonging in that year to Mr. J. E. Morton. The house is a notable piece of architecture, for, to mention only one point, the dining-rooms at Thorpe and Thorney are almost identical, with magnificent chimney-pieces and panelling.

Approximately 1,000 acres of other land in

the Fens have just been bought by Messrs. Bidwell and Sons—400 acres, at Postland in the neighbourhood of Crowland, for a Cambridge college, and the Market Deeping estate of almost 600 acres, for a private trust. Other purchases in the last week or so include 300 acres near Whittlesey and 100 acres a short distance from Thorney.

Messrs. Jackson Stops and Staff, through their Cirencester office, have sold Butlers Farm—a typical Cotswold house and 202 acres—for ex-cutors. The land adjoins Colesborne Park and lies very high, overlooking the lovely wooded scenery of the Churn.

FARTHINGOE LODGE ESTATE SOLD

FARTHINGOE LODGE estate, 510 acres, five miles from both Brackley and Banbury, realised £13,800 by auction at Banbury. Mr. H. E. W. Simons was in the rostrum on behalf of Messrs. Farebrother, Ellis and Co. After lively bidding Mr. E. Lamley Fisher, solicitor (Banbury), secured the estate on behalf of a client. Farthingoe Lodge, an eighteenth-century house containing some old oak panelling, stands in thirty acres of grounds and is at present unlet, but the farms and other parts of the late Mrs. Rush's property produce about £645 a year.

In contrast to many auctions of country freeholds that of Farthingoe Lodge had been widely announced in COUNTRY LIFE well in advance of the auction, and far more than local interest was taken in the offer. Provision had been made to deal with the land in many lots, but this proved to be unnecessary. Messrs. Maxwell and Stilgoe, the late owner's estate agents, co-operated with Mr. Simons in the sale. The success of the auction is an instructive proof among other things of the advantage of making known that a desirable property awaits a purchaser. Local buyers are by no means the only ones now interested in nice freeholds available with possession.

The auction of the remaining portions of the Conesfield estate, near Romsey, will be held at Salisbury, next month, when Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley, in conjunction with Mr. James G. W. Barker, will offer it in lots. The sale will include fifty acres of woodland carrying

30,000 cubic feet of ash and oak, accommodation and park land, the Manor Farm, a grass farm of thirty-seven acres, Yew Tree Farm, twenty-two acres with a picturesque farmhouse, some small holdings, and two pairs of cottages. The property, seven miles from Romsey and Salisbury, extends to 136 acres.

EXORBITANT WAR-TIME RENTS

THE yield per cent. from letting a good many country cottages is out of all reasonable proportion to the value of the freehold itself, and if the cottage is furnished, however poorly, the rent goes up by leaps and bounds. Perhaps from persons who have simply sought such accommodation in order to get away from crowded centres and who can as easily select one district as another, it may be excusable for a cottager to ask just as much as he can hope to get, but where the seeker of the accommodation needs it in order to be near his war work, a case can be made out for some regulation of demands. Without undue inflation a very fair return can be enjoyed from letting the whole or part of almost any dwelling that affords a reasonable prospect of rural peace.

Unquestionably there would be a rush of buyers who would be glad to let country properties at half the rents that are being got in some districts, but the properties are not in the market, or likely to be while exorbitant rents can be got from newcomers, often for what is held on statutory tenancies at inadequate terms. It would be interesting to find out what is paid in income tax on the profits from lettings and sub-lettings of the type of properties just mentioned.

The exaction of excessive rents from those who must live in certain places is by no means confined to the country cottage. It exists in urban districts and in the vicinity of factories and large offices, and, if it cannot be checked, every effort should be made to tax the proceeds up to the hilt. There are suburban houses, worth ordinarily about £80 a year, that are to-day let off in floors and rooms at rents that amount to four and five times such a sum. The temporary tenants receive no sort of service and have to furnish the rooms, so there must be a substantial taxable profit.

ARBITER.

SOLUTION to No. 586

The winner of this crossword, the clues of which appeared in the issue of April 19, will be announced next week.

LEASE AND LEND
AUTUMN
PIN TRAMP ENNU
RATTLE N W A N
INTENT GLASGOW
L I D V A Y O O
SAC STAMPS ANON
H R I D
ORBS LINNET ONE
W U A E G R P R
EXISTED GOSPEL
R L H D U U A
SIDLE SPOON GUN
E E N A D C N D
GREENGROCERS

ACROSS

- It's not to say that members of our race are kept in glass cases here (two words, 7, 6)
- Always found in a day-dream (7)
- A gipsy man skating? Get the cup from him (7)
- The number of pedestrians suggests they're no synonym for horses (6)
- He strikes an attitude (6)
- Understatement in a description of 9's dress? (three words, 2, 3, 4)
- Object of worship (4)
- Cold dice (4)
- He is not necessarily engrossed in copying (two words, 3, 6)
- Looping the loop is just a game (4)
- Borrows from the archer to indicate the weather (4)
- At first peevish but sagacious in the end (9)
- "I am a very remarkable—... My mother was the most celebrated Catherine Wheel of her day."—Wilde (6)
- It's getting on (6)
- Angel of the bottomless pit (7)

"COUNTRY LIFE" CROSSWORD No. 587

A prize of books to the value of two guineas, drawn from those published by COUNTRY LIFE, will be awarded for the first correct solution to this puzzle opened in this office. Solutions should be addressed (in a closed envelope) "Crossword No. 587, COUNTRY LIFE, 2-10, Tavistock Street, Covent Garden, London, W.C.2," and must reach this office not later than the **first post on the morning of Thursday, May 1, 1941.**

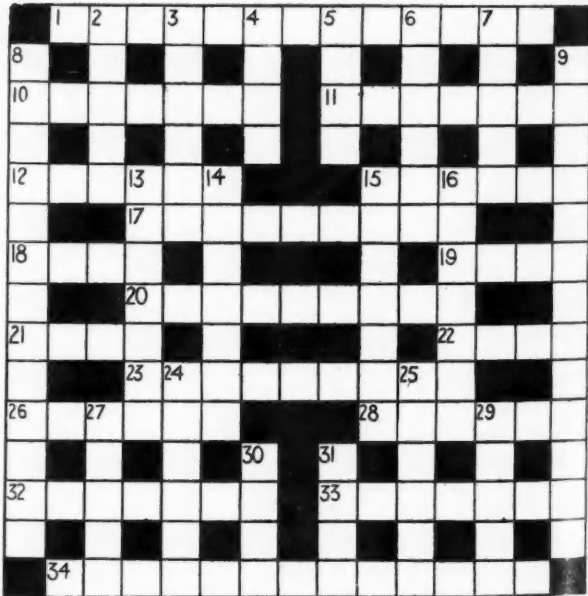
The winner of Crossword No. 585 is
The Hon. F. G. Hamilton-Russell,
Clebury Court,
Bridgnorth, Shropshire.

- "At moul't" (anagr.) (7)
- Places wherein one can cool more than one's heels (13).

DOWN

- Wanders (5)
- What the Mock Turtle might have wished to avoid (6)
- "Ship me somewhere east of—"
—Kipling (4)
- Three well known ones were afflicted with cecity (4)
- Child of Neptune? (6)
- Join up (5)
- Capital flower for an empress (two words, 5, 8)
- Whose grandmother was not herself, poor thing (three words, 3, 6, 4)
- It seems a key is needed to get a small rise (7)
- If in the soup at first you may have to try the luck of the last part (7)
- The Chinaman's bacon ration? (7)
- Water-parsnip (7)
- A writer must be (6)
- Tin hat all set for a mediaeval infantryman? (6)
- Author of a *Shepherd's Calendar* (5)
- Bury in Tintern Abbey (5)
- Butter alternative abroad comfortably out of action (4)
- Take the measure of a new-comer at last (4)

"COUNTRY LIFE" CROSSWORD No. 587



Name

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It's the Scotch

SIR RICHARD WESTON OF SUTTON PLACE, SURREY

THE ARTHUR YOUNG OF THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY

ALTHOUGH Frederic Harrison called Sir Richard Weston the Arthur Young of the seventeenth century, the comparison rests on dissimilarity. Young wrote a library of farming books, carried out dozens of experiments, toured the greater part of England, Ireland and France: Weston wrote one book, intended for his sons alone, made only a few experiments, travelled solely in Brabant and Flanders. Yet Weston was an important predecessor of Young.

Farming experiments were his hobby, and his adventurous spirit came from his great-grandfather, who was a "new" man in Henry VIII's time, and a personal friend of that monarch, a "gallant soldier" and a "wild courtier," but a judicious man of affairs who recognised the buttered side of his bread. In four generations this martial and fiery turn of mind had been mellowed into something more peaceful, although Sir Richard Weston was stimulated by the prospect of adding to his fortune. As he advises his sons, "For to what purpose do Souldiers, Scholars, Lawyers, Merchants . . . toil and labour with great affection but to get monie?"

Unfortunately, like many of his contemporaries and literary descendants, Weston greatly exaggerated the advantages to be derived from his proposed farming system. [No innovator is likely to be conservative, but at least he might be modest.] Perhaps he thought the more he claimed for his ideas the more likely they were to be adopted. He certainly sounds like a gold brick salesman when he claims that 500 acres of barren heath worth only £5 a year could be made worth £7,000 a year in less than seven years by his system of cultivation.

Exaggerated to a gargantuan degree as this claim is, Weston's writings played an important part in the development of the farming system that was gradually being introduced in the late seventeenth century, during the eighteenth century when Young himself was its formidable protagonist, and which came to its florescence in the nineteenth century.

The rotation he had in mind never became practical politics in English farming. It included flax as essential to financial success: and that never proved economically possible in general farming. Weston's ideas were derived from agriculture seen between Dunkirk and Antwerp. Perhaps he was educated in Flanders, but this is doubtful. He was certainly abroad in exile for his Royalist tendencies in 1644, when his estate had been sequestered by the Parliamentary powers.

The rotation there was flax, turnips, oats, with clover bush-harrowed in and grazed until the following Christmas, mowed three times the following year, and then left down as a ley for four or five years till exhausted. This system and its profits were so much to his taste that he discussed it with the local farmers and tried to learn all he could, so that he could introduce it into England "if hereafter it pleased Almighty God to give me leave to enjoy my own Estate in Peace again."

The idea that flax should form a normal part of the rotation was in his mind because he wanted to transfer the Flemish system bodily to England without the necessary adaptation to local circumstances. He also thought clover should follow turnips, but two "green" crops in succession are hardly necessary. His explanation of this idea is that "For I found by experience in Herefordshire, that it will thrive much better the first year and turn to more profit alone, than a crop of Oats and it sow'd together will do." Does this mean that even before the Civil War clover was commonly grown on a commercial scale in Hereford, or merely that it had been experimented with there? Miss Riches ("Agriculture Revolution in Norfolk," 1937) cites a reference to clover seed importation in 1620, but does not say how much or where landed, so this is significant but inconclusive evidence.

Land reclamation was a favourite project in Weston's day. Already "adventurers" were attempting the Fens, and the reclamation of sandy heath had long preoccupied farming authors. It is little wonder, therefore, that St. Leonard's Forest, then vastly greater than to-day, should have seemed to him a good place to try out the Flemish system. Some of Clement Stoke's farm in the forest, indeed, had already been reclaimed by methods like those recommended by Gervase Markham.

The land had been "denshired"—i.e., breast-ploughed—and the turves placed in hills to dry before burning. After the hills were burnt unslaked lime was put on and the mixture spread after rain. Then

wheat was sown. Weston estimated the cost and returns of growing flax on forest land reclaimed in this way as follows:

Denshiring one acre	£1	0	0
1 load lime	0	12	0
Ploughing and harrowing	0	6	0
3lb. seed at 13s. 4d.	2	0	0
Weeding	0	1	0
Pulling and binding	0	10	0
Graffing the seed from the flax	0	6	0
Watering, drying, swinging and beating of gcwt.	4	10	0
Add 15s. for good measure	0	15	0
					£10	
Sale of gcwt. flax with seed			£40
Profit per acre		£30	
					£40	£40

After this not unprofitable crop (money has been estimated as three times its present worth then) the land was ready for the Flemish rotation, and, although the other crops would not yield such stupendous profits, what was to be got from them was not negligible. Clover should yield a net profit of about £10 and turnips about £8. Weston certainly had the Midas touch, if he ever realised such returns.

When he speaks of turnips being so valuable, it can hardly have been for folding sheep, or feeding stall or yard-fed cattle. They could be sold four or five in a bunch for a penny in London. Yet he knew the root was a useful cattle feed, and says the "Boores . . . what they do not eat themselves, they give to their Cattle; they will feed Oxen and Kine as fat as Hay and Oats." The roots were washed and mashed with the tops for feeding. He claimed that this system was not entirely new to England. "Others," he writes, "do the same alreadie in many parts of England." Such remarks arouse suspicion. When exactly were clover and turnips first grown here?

Before Weston went to Flanders he had improved his estate by fire and water. This only means he adopted improvements popular in his day. "By fire" means paring and burning, as was done in Devonshire a hundred years earlier: "by water" means making water meadows, after Rowland Vaughan's methods published in 1610; so Weston was following the precepts of the best authorities.

In another way, too, he demonstrated that the gambling spirit of the founder of his family had descended even to the fifth generation. While in Flanders Weston had been greatly impressed by the canals, especially by the system of locks. When he came back to England he saw the possibilities of canalising the River Wey.

Transport in Stuart England was not easy. This project would afford an easy method of getting Hampshire, Surrey and Sussex produce to London and, incidentally, a good profit for the projector. He got an Act for the work in 1651, but was unlucky. He only completed ten of the fourteen miles he aimed at before his death in 1652, but the job was completed by his son and a partner. Harrison claims this was the first canal in the kingdom and still in use when he wrote his book in 1893. [Like many another canal, it dreams away its days in idleness now, but it was a brave scheme in its inception.]

All this shows what manner of man Sir Richard Weston, who "first introduced clover and turnips to England," was, although Robert Brown ("Treatise of Rural Affairs," 1811) was certain that clover was sown in England before then. Weston was a man of open mind and fearless in temperament, like his great progenitor, and he died at a moment when, as Donaldson, copying one of Canon Harte's anonymous contributions to the *Museum Rusticum* of 1765, wrote in 1854, "English Husbandry rose to a high perfection, for the preceding wars [the Civil Wars] had made the country gentry poor, and in consequence thereof industrious, though sometimes the reverse of this

happens in many kingdoms; but these wise men found the cultivation of their own lands to be the very best parts of employment." Unfortunately, he goes on, the whole of husbandry passed into the hands of farmers after the Restoration and few gentry carried on the tradition of leading in farming. I think, however, there must have been many a Weston between his day and that of "Turnip" Townshend and Coke of Holkham, all record of whom has vanished.


G. E. FUSSELL.



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40-50 LB. GRASS SILAGE


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20 lb. GRASS SILAGE

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HAY 10 LB.	+	25 LB. OAT & VETCH SILAGE
HAY 10 LB.	+	30 LB. MAIZE SILAGE



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Winston Churchill

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THE GARDENS OF WILLIAMSBURG



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THE JOHN GALT HOUSE AND ITS GARDEN



IN THE GARDEN OF THE JOHN CUSTIS TENEMENT HOUSE

SOME account of the restoration of Williamsburg, the old capital of Virginia, was given in COUNTRY LIFE some years ago. The story was then told how, thanks to Mr. Rockefeller's munificence, the reconstruction of the town as it was in Colonial days came about, how the Capitol, the William and Mary College, the Governor's House and other buildings that had either disappeared or been altered were restored or re-built in their original form, and how the exciting discovery of unsuspected plans, engravings and descriptions assisted in the undertaking. The buildings and streets of Williamsburg having returned again to the state in which the old Colonial burgesses knew them, the restoration has been extended to the parks and gardens, and this has been in some respects a more difficult problem. The general plan was easily established from existing streets and from old maps and written descriptions. For the details of garden lay-outs there was less to go on. While old family letters and insurance maps yielded something, and excavations more, recourse was had to the evidence of other contemporary towns to supply the missing data. But this did not reveal what was in the Colonial gardens. To discover that, a whole train of researches was set in motion, as a result of which many former ideas about the trees, shrubs and plants that were used in Colonial times have had to be revised.

The plan of Williamsburg is a grid, but with the main vistas terminated by buildings. The principal axis, known as Duke of Gloucester Street, has the Capitol and the William and Mary College confronting one another at its extremities. About half way along its course, it is intersected by Palace Green, running northwards to the Governor's Palace, the third of the three main buildings. In surveying other Colonial lay-outs it has been found that definite ratios of proportion were frequently observed, and at Williamsburg a *modulus* of 250ft. runs through the whole scheme, determining the size of the large parks or "greens," as well as many of the other elements.

The Governor's Palace, as might be expected, had (and has again) the most important garden design in Williamsburg. Clues to the whole lay-out were found either from documentary evidence or from excavation and the terrain itself. The canal and its terraces stand essentially as they were found, and it was only necessary to build a dam at the lower end to take the place of the ancient one. Foundations revealed the position of all the principal walls, the vine garden, the steps leading to the canal, the main transverse axis, the steps on the main axis, the outbuildings, as well as the exact form of the walled forecourt. The Palace was built in the reign of Queen Anne, and its garden shows the formal lay-out typical in England at the time, although the elements are perhaps rather smaller and suggestive of the older compartmental designs for gardens of the previous century. In America there was naturally a time-lag, as there was in the more remote parts of England, before changes in gardening fashion left their mark.

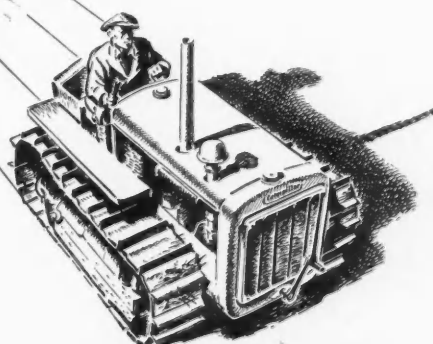
Two typical town plans are those of Captain Orr's Place and the Paradise Place, where the designs again were determined by documentary evidence and actual findings on the spot. Both show a striving after symmetry modified by the needs of daily use and the boundaries of adjoining properties. A charming little lay-out is that of the John Custis Tenement House, with its brick paths forming a pretty geometrical pattern between the small triangular beds. The inspiration here is Dutch—a natural influence in a

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town founded in the reign of Dutch King William and named after him.

Coming to the furnishings of the gardens, it might seem a simple matter to discover from contemporary English garden books the trees, shrubs and flowers used in Colonial days. But it has been found that many plants unknown in England were used in Virginia, and that some of the most familiar English plants did not find their way to the Colonies. From researches in libraries, old Williamsburg letters, the catalogues of nurserymen and other sources, there was gradually built up a check list of plants that could be regarded as authentic. Visitors to Williamsburg are impressed by the paper mulberry trees, which, it is often said, were used in the Colonial silkworm culture. Actually, the silkworms were reared on the true mulberry, black and white, of which there are few examples in Williamsburg, although a fine old specimen overhangs the east wall of the Capitol. Before researches were undertaken, it was thought that the japonica or Japanese quince, now extensively found in Virginia, was brought by the Colonists from England. It is now believed that it was unknown in Colonial Williamsburg, and the shrub is being removed from the "authentic" gardens. The beautiful mountain laurel, though known to the Colonists, does not seem to have been fully appreciated, while native azaleas, unknown in



A GEOMETRICAL DESIGN IN THE GARDEN OF THE JOHN CUSTIS TENEMENT

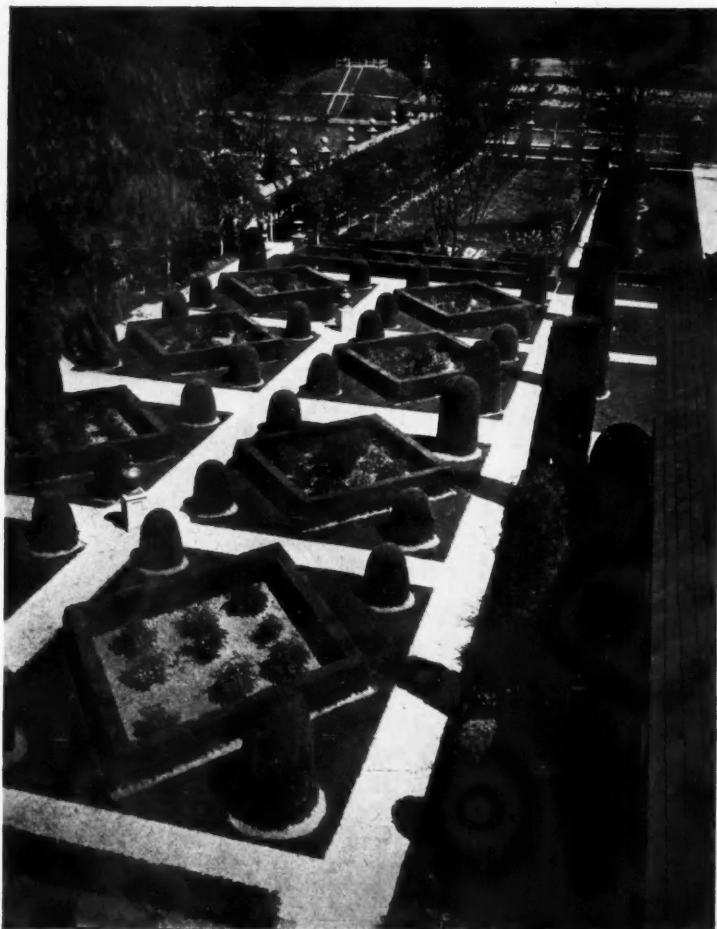
England, appear to have been grown and are now being used in the grounds of the Palace.

Trimmed hedges were popular in Colonial Williamsburg, as they were in the England of Queen Anne. In the charming formal garden of the Governor's Palace, clipped cypress is used with very striking effect. The slow-growing box was much favoured, but English yew was found to be unsuitable for the dry climate, to the disappointment of the Colonists who tried to introduce it. English holly was brought over in early days, though with difficulty, because it is not easy to transplant. Most of the old holly hedges are native. English privet (*Ligustrum vulgare*) was also introduced at an early date, and to-day is widely distributed both in the South and New England, even growing in the fields as a "native" shrub. It has been much used in the restored gardens of Williamsburg.

These few instances will give an idea of the care that has been devoted to the re-creation of Williamsburg's gardens. A host of individuals and organisations have collaborated in the work, including the American Institute of Architects and the American Society of Landscape Architects. The landscape architect in charge of Williamsburg has been Mr. Arthur A. Shurcliff, from whose notes this article has been compiled. All the research involved has been well worth the time and money expended, for, while directed towards a particular end, it has provided the material for a new chapter in the history of everyday life in Colonial days.



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NOTES FROM TOWN

By
ISABEL CRAMPTON

(Left) THIS COUNTRY HAT OF TO-DAY IS IN YELLOW FELT WITH AN ATTRACTIVE "TOPPER" CROWN. (Studd and Millington)

(Below) A SHETLAND WOOL JUMPER WITH ALL THE CHARM OF LACE. (Gorringes)



ONE of the problems which most of us have to consider year in year out is what to wear with suits and with overcoats and skirts, be they of smooth cloth for town, tweed for the country, or of those clever knit-wear fabrics which so many women affect for the house and wear under a full length coat for the street. The blouse has certainly come bounding back into favour, and blouses made in light woollen materials meet the demand for something warm very usefully; but many of us like to have some woollen jumpers in our wardrobes, and so long as they are made in so many varied and attractive styles, thick, thin, frilly or practical, I do not see them going out of favour for many a long day. I was particularly pleased when, at Messrs. Gorringes (Buckingham Palace Road, S.W.1) the other day I was shown a whole pile of lovely jumpers in Shetland wool worked to have all the delicacy of lace, and yet made practical by having the bodice part lined with chiffon to match. The range of delicate blues, beiges, pinks and greys was most seductive, and there was also a very nice red. I saw at once that here was the ideal jumper for the woman who wears a smart black coat and skirt and wants something to go with it, as well as most attractive indoor wear for chilly mortals. With any but the most tweedish tweeds and with all plain woollen materials they are going to look superb, and can be had with long or short sleeves. The photograph shows one version of these jumpers, but there are very many with different lace effects, neck-lines, and so forth.

"GARNET"

Somebody told me the other day that "lipstick is in abeyance for the war." Well, I at least do not subscribe to that. In these days, is not a woman well turned out, well dressed, with hair, complexion and lips in perfect trim, one of the pleasantest and most steadying of sights? So, if lipstick suits you,



Dover Street Studios

use it, war or no war, I should say, and would add that Elizabeth Arden has among her many shades brought out one called "Garnet" which ought to be ideal for a great many people. It is not startling, but has the warm richness that its name suggests. It should help you to look your best, but not to look conspicuous, and a "Garnet" make up is also available in all the Elizabeth Arden specialities.

THE COUNTRY HAT TO-DAY

The country hat that used to be such a dreadful object, like an inverted basin with a wavering brim attached, has been growing more and more sensible and charming for some time now, and I found at Messrs. Studd and Millington's (Chancery Lane, W.C.1) lately a

wide choice of excellent hats such as the youngest and smartest of us might be glad to wear. One or two hats of very nice shape in shades of red I liked particularly; worn with a coat and skirt or overcoat to match exactly or as a contrast with grey, navy blue and some shades of green—for the late Victorian liking for red and green together has been revived—they would be most effective. A matching hat and a contrast hat to each suit seems to me a good investment. I particularly liked the firm bold lines of the crowns, and thought it a very sensible idea to get your hat where you got your suit, for, after all, line should be continuous, a point that is not always appreciated, and the perfect hat and the perfect suit that do not happen to complete each other might just as well be definitely wrong.

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Country Life

VOL. LXXXIX. No. 2310.

Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper and for
Canadian Magazine Post.

SATURDAY, APRIL 26, 1941.

Published Weekly. Price ONE SHILLING.
Subscription Price per annum. Post Free.
Inland, 63s. 6d. Canadian, 50s. Foreign, 65s.

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